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Abra-Mule :

OR, A TRUE

HISTORY

Of the Dethronement of

MAHOMET IV.

Written in French by M. Le Noble.

Made English by J. P.



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To his most Serene Highness,
Monseigneur the Prince of
CONTI.

Monseigneur,

THE Unfortunate *Abra-Mulè*, belov'd by two Sultan's and a Visir, yet so. that neither of the three could be happy in the enjoyment of her, is come into *France*, to unfold the secret Intreagues which her Beauty occasion'd in the *Seraglio*, and which pull'd down *Mahomet* from the *Ottoman Throne*.

She begs to appear under the Auspices of your Serene Highness, and she is in hopes, Sir, that a Prince, who together with all the Virtues of a perfect Hero, possesses all that Love is capable to inspire, will not refuse a Sultane's so amiable and so vertuous, the honour of his Protection. She flatters her self with it, Sir, and the troubles that overwhelm her will meet with a pleasing Consolation, if your serene Highness, while you recreate your weary'd Thoughts in reading the fatal Success of a Tenderness so fatal as hers, afford it some little sence of your Compassion.

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The Dedication.

But, Sir, Your serene Highness will not only behold in this short History the secret of an amorous Intreague, you will see there the Events of War, which will be yet more pleasing to that undaunted Courage which renders you the Glory of your Country. This undaunted Courage, supported by all that can form an accomplish'd Hero, is the fire of that Royal Blood that runs in your Veins; an Emanation of the great Soul of that invincible Prince, that incomparable *Condé*, whom *France* beholds with so much pleasure reviv'd in your virtues.

Continue, Sir, continue to tread the steps of that Gyant, and may that formidable arm of yours, the weight of which the Enemies of the State so often have felt, be one of the most firm supports of the first Monarchy in the World. My good Wishes follow you where ever you go, and the chiefest wish I make at present, while I take the liberty to offer you this little Piece, is, that so long as I live, I may be,

Your Highnesses

most Humble and

most Obedient,

LE NOBLE.

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THE
P R E F A C E.

TIS not to be imagin'd that this is a *Romantick* Adventure grounded upon meer Invention; for it is the real Truth of a secret Intreague carry'd on in the *Serraglio*, which put *Soliman* upon attempting to set himself up in the room of his Brother, meerly to gratifie an amorous Passion which render'd him his Rival.

I have writ nothing but what I had from the *Memoirs* of one of my intimate Friends, who accompanying *M. Gerardin* in his Embassy, and abiding with him a long time at the Port under *Soliman's* Reign, unravell'd there the whole Secret of this Adventure, concerning which upon his Return, he deliver'd all the Informations into my hands, at the same time that upon what I had div'd into by the Correspondencies which I held in several parts of Europe, I publish'd those Dialogues which include an infinite number of Particulars, not to be met with in other Historians.

The PREFACE.

This is therefore no chimerical Invention, but a true History; and if you take the pains to compare it with those that are more General, you will find that I am very exact in all the Circumstances of Publick Events, and that I do but unfold the secret Reasons that caus'd 'em

The Actions of Sovereigns are always divided into two parts; the one is the Publick Event, which all the World knows, and which is the Subject of Gazettes, and the most part of publick Histories; the other is that which they conceal under the Vail of their Politicks; and those are the secret Motives of the Intreagues which cause those Events, and which are only known to, and reveal'd by those, who had some share in carrying on those Intreagues, or who by the penetration of their Genius, knowing one part, divine the t'other.

For Example, we read every where of the taking of Buda by the Valour of Prince Charles of Lorraine, seconded by the Duke of Bavaria; that they carry'd the Place in view of an Army of Fourscore Thousand Men, Commanded by the Visir in person, who could not relieve it; but the Relations never tell yee, that the Conspiracy carry'd on by Prince Soliman, Siaous and Cuproli, who were plotting the Ruin of the Visir, hinder'd the Succours, and ty'd that Minister's Arm.

In like manner we find in the Publick History of Philip II. King of Spain, that he was two Years in Flanders, without ever returning into England to visit Queen Mary his Wife, not so much as during her mortal sickness, but we do not see what motives of Love and jealousy set 'em at variance.

Thus

THE PREFACE.

Thus it may be said, that seeing *Action* is the *Body*, and that the *motive* is the *soul* of that *Action*, there are very few or no *Historians*, but what give us *Bodies* without *Souls*, while they never tell us the *Motives* which cause *Princes* to *Act*, and give *Motion* to their *Intreagues*.

Which is the *Reason* that particular *Histories* are always more pleasing, and more profitable then those which are *General*: They are more pleasing, because there is more care taken to adorn 'em, and for that they mention those things which are not to be met with in others: And they are more profitable, because they are more precise in the *Characters* of *Princes*, and in the *Private* and *Domestick Actions*, which are more proper to instruct, then the general *Relation* of an *Action*, of which we know not the *Motive* nor the *Causes*.

*An Explication of the Turkish Terms contain'd in
this History.*

Sultan. The Emperor of the *Turks*.
Sultanefs Valide. The Sultanefs, Mother of
the Sultan.

Sultanefs Affekt. The principal favourite Sultanefs.

Grand Vifir. Chief Minister of the *Ottoman* Empire.

Mufti. Chief Priest.

Iman. A Doctor, or Preacher of the *Alcoran*.

Dervis. A *Turkish* Monk.

Alcoran. The Mahometan's Bible.

Mosquee. A Mahometan Temple.

Seraskier. A General of an Army.

Basha. A Governor.

Kaimakan. High Marshall of the Household, and
Governour of *Constantinople*.

Janisaries. The *Turkish* Infantry, the Sultan's Guards.

Aga. Collonel of the Janisaries.

Serraglio. The Sultan's Palace.

Kiaia. A Lieutenant.

Kisler Agasi. Chief of the black Eunuchs, and
superintendent of the *Serraglio*.

Kisler Kiafi. Deputy to the *Kisler Agasi*.

Grand Teftardar. Lord Treasurer.

Bostangi Bachi. Superintendent of the Sultan's
Palaces, Gardens and Buildings, or chief Sur-
veyor.

Bostangi. A Gardner.

Dragoman. An Interpreter.

Catacheriff. A Decree of the Sultan.

Fetfa. A decree of the *Mufti*.

Timar. A Feofment for Life.

Abar.

Abra-Mule` :

OR, THE

HISTORY

Of the Deposition of

MAHOMET IV.

EMPEROR of the

TURKS.

The First Part.

THE Revolution which happen'd in the Ottoman Empire, in the Month of November, by the Deposal of Sultan Mahomet, and the Advancement of Seliman his Brother to the Throne, is one of the greatest Changes that have fallen out in this Age; and

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of

of which the secret Circumstances that caus'd it, not div'd into by many Persons, are most worthy to be known.

The greatest part have attributed 'em only to the misfortunes of the *Ottoman* Arms, and to this Principle of the *Musselmen's* belief, that when Adversity attends a Man, 'tis an infallible sign of the Wrath of God, and of the contempt of their Prophet, and consequently that it is lawful to Sacrifice to the Publick Good the Prince whom they believe to be the subject of that Cœlestial Anger.

But though it must not be deni'd, but that the unlucky Conjunctions contributed very much to the Deposal of the *Sultan*, by reason of the pretences with which they were supply'd; nevertheless, the Truth is, that Love was the secret cause, and that that same Love only made use of a pretence which had its rise from thence.

However, before we enter into the particulars of this same extraordinary Story, it will be necessary for the better understanding of it, to give the Publick a general Idea of the *Ottoman* Family at that time.

Ibrahim, Emperor of the *Turks*, a Prince cruel even to Barbarism, was Strangl'd upon a Revolt of his Janizaries, and Dying, left three Sons; *Mahomet*, between Nine and Ten Years of Age, who succeeded him under the Regency of the Sultaneſs his Mother; *Soliman*, about a year Younger, and *Achmet*, who was not then
above

above Four or Five Years Old, all three Born of different Sultaneſſes.

Some there are who have aſſerted, that *Mahomet* was not an *Ottoman*: That the Sultaneſs only ſain'd her ſelf with Child, that ſhe might procure to her ſelf the Title of *Aſſeki*, or Sultaneſs Mother of the Firſt-born Prince: That he was the Child of a *Jewiſh* Woman that was brought to Bed in a Chamber near the Sultaneſſe's; that the Infant was carry'd to her in a Basket of Flowers, and afterwards ſet up and own'd by Her for a Child born of her own Body. The Author of the *Ottoman Mirror* publiſhes this Story. But it is neither credible; nor to be imagin'd, that a project of this Nature ſhould be put in practice within the *Serraglio*; and if there had been the leaſt Suſpition for a ground of this Fable, *Soliman*, who dethron'd him, would never have ſpar'd his life, nor the life of the Prince his Son, who at this day wears the *Ottoman* Diadem.

That which might have been the occaſion of this Fiction, might be this perhaps; that the Sultaneſs never had any other Children; that ſhe was at continual Odds with *Mahomet*, when he reign'd by himſelf; and for that ſhe Protected the other two Princes againſt the Violences of her Son, every time that he went about to attempt their lives.

Mahomet, for Stature, was ſomewhat Taller than the ordinary Height, well Proportion'd, black Hair, little Eyes, but Quick, more ſil

vour'd then-Comely; nimble in all the Exercises of the Body, Valiant, Courtly, Profuse, Magnificent, passionate in his Amours, a lover of Hunting even to Excess; an extraordinary discernor of Merit; but Rash, Obstinate, Ingratefull, and one that suffer'd himself to be very much govern'd by the Ministers of the *Serraglio*.

Soliman was very Tall, Straight, Majestick, inclining to Fat, a pleasing Countenance, large and black Eyes, with a lively and fair Complexion; his Nose and Mouth admirably Shap'd, the turn of his Countenance somewhat Oval, his Hands white and Flethy. He was Nimble at all Exercises that requir'd no great labour; he was naturally Melancholly, and full of Dissimulation; he spoke little; and whether it were out of Policy, or by Inclination, he devoted himself to the study of the *Alcoran*, which he unfolded like a Doctor. He was Generous, Crafty and Bold, with a Heart most tenderly enclining to Love; but he was one who had an admirable Gift at concealing a secret.

As for *Achmet*, in regard he has no share in this History, 'tis needless to say any thing of him, only that Nature had deform'd his Body, and that he retain'd something of his Fathers Stupidity, but nothing of his Cruelty.

The *Janizaries* in the fury of their Sedition, set *Mahomet* upon the Throne, and engag'd him to give Order for putting his Father to Death. And for the *Sultar*'s his Mother, she was one of the most beautiful Women in the World;

World; a *Circassian*, but of mean Birth, and one who from a Slave had mounted to the highest degree of Female Glory, by means of a genius most sublime, and capable of governing a great Empire.

To fix her self in her Authority, she thought it behov'd her to advance to the Dignity of Grand Visir, such a person as should be behold-ing to her for his Fortune and Preferment; and knowing the Capacity, the Courage, and the Wit of *Basha Cuproli*, who then lay loaden with Irons at the bottom of a Dungeon, she obtain'd his Release, confer'd with him in Private, drew from him what Protestations and Assurances she pleas'd her self, and at the same time deliver'd to him the Seal of the Empire, and set him at the head of the Council, and the Ministry.

His Government was Prosperous and Prudent, his Fidelity inviolable, his Services advantageous; and laden with Honours and Victories, by a strange fortune without example in the *Ottoman* Empire; he had two Sons, and two Sons in Law, that succeeded him in his Employment.

His Father was a *French* Renegado, born in *Champagne*, near *Chalous*, in a Village call'd *Cu-perli*, from whence he took his Name, being a Serjeant in a Foot Company, and which he left to his Posterity. A certain Murder which he committed, enforc'd him to fly his Country, and the Bark to which he betook himself being taken by the *Turkish* Corsairs, he thought it more convenient to wear a Turbant, then to see him-

self chain'd to the Oar; and being a handſom perſon, he was ſoon enroll'd among the *Janiſaries*, among whom, having rais'd himſelf by his Valour to ſignal Employments, he obtain'd a *Timar*, or a proportion of Lands for Life, and ſpun ſo fair a Thread for himſelf, that by degrees he arriv'd to the higheſt place of the Empire. This is the truth, both of the Original and Name of the *Cuprolis*, and whatever is aver'd to the contrary is meer Fiction.

The cruel Politics of the *Ottomans* was the reaſon that formerly the *Sultans* always ſacrific'd the Blood of their Brothers to the ſecurity of their Government. But, the firſt Counſel which *Cuprolis* gave the Sultaneſs *Validè*, that is to ſay, *Mother*, was carefully to preſerve the two Princes, *Soliman* and *Achmet*, not only to prevent the Extinction of the *Ottoman* Blood, but out of a ſecret Aim which the Viſir had to make a Bulwark for his own ſafety, both of the one and the other, and to have in his hands where-withall to keep his Maſter in continual aw, in caſe that when he came to Rule by himſelf, he might be induc'd by ſome intregue of the *Seraglio*, to deprive him of the chief Miniſtry.

Thus it came to paſs, that thoſe two Princes were beholding to *Cuprolis* for their lives, who by a marvellous Dexterity of Wit, being deſirous to mannage at a diſtance the ſeveral Humours both of *Mahomet* and *Soliman*, ſo order'd it, that his Eldeſt Son, who was about the *Sultan's* Age, was bred in his Company among the Chil-

Children of Honour, and that the Youngest was nurtur'd in company with *Soliman*. I relate this particular circumstance, because it will prove serviceable to untold the intregue of this Revolution carri'd on by this Young *Cuprolis*. And indeed *Soliman* from his Infancy contracted so strickt a Friendship with him, and with *Siaous*, who was next him in the same Quality, that those two Persons were his most secret Confidants. But in regard that as well by Nature, as by the care that was taken to instruct him, he was become a Master in Dissimulation; this confidence was so well manag'd, that it never gave *Mahomet* any cause of Suspicion.

After this general *Idea*, we are now to enter into the secret of the History.

The great *Cuprolis* being dead in the midst of his Tryumphs, had for his Successor his Eldest Son, who was bred up with *Mahomet*, but he dyed within a short time after his Advancement.

At that time the *Ottoman* Empire enjoy'd a perfect Tranquillity, by vertue of a Truce that was sign'd by the Christian Princes. *Mahomet* also, by the *Sultaness Affeki*, had a Son, a handsome Young Gentleman, and of promising Hopes, about twenty Years of Age, and he quietly enjoy'd the Fruit of his Victories which had acquir'd him *Candie*, *Kaminiec*, and some places in *Hungary*; so that he abandon'd himself to the sports of Hunting, and the pleasures of Love, notwithstanding the raging jealousy of the

Sultaness, who oft-times broke his measures.

But because it is the temper of some Men, that they cannot contain themselves when they are well, *Kara Mustapha*, whom he had made choice of for his Grand Visier, constrain'd him indiscreetly to break his Truce with the Emperor, and plung'd him into a War no less fatal to him then unjust.

The Truce was broken, *Vienna* Besieg'd ; but at the same time that the *Ottoman* Puissance seem'd ready to overturn the *Western* Empire, the God of Battel, who distributes Victory according to the decrees of his Providence, strook the Visir with a Spirit of Terror and Confusion ; the Seige was rais'd by the assistance of the King of *Poland*, and the Valour and Conduct of *Charles of Lorraine* signaliz'd all the following Campaigns with new Conquests.

Mahomet, during his Misfortunes, remitted nothing of his sports ; he had several Favourites, among the rest whom he honour'd in a more particular manner, there was one *Basha*, who was call'd by the Name of *Soliman*, and whom he had made *Serasquiss*, or General of his Arms, upon the Borders of *Poland*. He was about Thirty Years of Age, and it was a hard matter to meet with a more Graceful Person. He was a Man who had never a whit the less Valour for having been bred up in the soft pleasures of the Court. He was Tall, and his Beauty which was Masculine, and full of Fire, was seconded with a sparkling Wit, which no way lessen'd his Judg-

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ment ; his undauntedness was proof against all Danger, and his Address incomparable, in managing the Intreagues of the *Serraglio*, wherein he had for his principal and inviolable Friend, the *Kisser Agasi*.

This Officer is an Officer of the greatest command and power in the *Serraglio* : He is a black Eunuch, and is the chief of all the Eunuchs : To him belongs the superintendancy over all the Sultaneffe's Guards : Whatever concerns 'em depends upon his absolute Power ; and it is a hard matter for a Woman to obtain or preserve the favour of the Sultans, but by the intregues of this Eunuch. He ruins, or becomes serviceable to those whom he has a mind to Favour, or Destroy. And from thence 'tis an easie thing to conceive what immense Riches he heaps up by means of the Presents which he receives from the Sultaneffes, who are sensible of his Kindness, or fear the Effects of his Ill-will ; or from those, who by the assistance of his Credit aspire to great Employments. Lastly, his place is so considerable, that he has Six Hundred Horses kept for his service only at the charges of the State.

Soliman undertook the Command of the Arms upon the Frontiers of *Poland*, at the beginning of the Campaign that was signaliz'd by the Battle of *Gran*. At what time one of the principal Orders which he had to put in Execution, was to take his just measures for the conveyance of a considerable relief into *Caminiec*. To which purpose, he went himself one day at the head of
two

two Hundred Horse, to view a narrow Lane through which the Convoy was to pass. But he was no sooner within sight of certain hollow ways; when he heard a great Noise of a sudden, when his Scouts brought him word that a body of four or five hundred *Polonians* had fallen upon two hundred *Tartars* that guarded the close Waggon.

Soliman never stood to consider, but marching directly toward the Noise, fell with that Fury upon the Squadrons of the Enemy, that he broke 'em at the first Charge, slew a great number upon the place, while the rest being dispers'd, made their escape to a Wood, whither he thought it not convenient to pursue 'em, but to make immediately up to the Waggon; where he heard the cries of certain persons in distress, and presently cast his Eye upon four Women, among which there was one in a *Muscovite* Habit that seem'd to be not above Sixteen Years of Age, but so wonderfully Beautiful, and so accomplish'd in all outward Perfections, that he could not choose but behold her with astonishment.

The Fright she had been in, the Emotion of her Spirits, which the Noise and Surprise of the Skirmish had occasion'd within her, did but serve to redouble the lilly whiteness and liveness of her Complexion. *Soliman*, who was naturally Amorous, and who at that very instant felt in his Heart a more than ordinary Commotion, paid her all the respects that his Character would

would permit him, and which the excellency of her Beauty deserv'd. But if the Charms of this unknown person caus'd so great a surprize in *Soliman*, she became no less sensible, when she beheld the the goodly Aspect, the delicate Lincaments, and obliging Manners of her Preserver. He never left the Convoy till he had seen her safe beyond the narrow pass, and having seen her in the plain, he sent along with her fifty of his Horse for her greater Security, with Orders to the Commander of the Party, exactly to inform himself, who that affable Person was, whither she was Travelling, and where she was to make her stay.

After this, *Soliman*, having acquitted himself of every thing that his duty requir'd from him, return'd to his Camp. But it was impossible for him to apply himself to any other thoughts than those which the Idea of the unknown Lady had imprinted in his Mind; and his restlessness caus'd him to expect with impatience the return of his Detachment, which at length arriv'd; and at the same time the Commander brought him an accompt, that the Lady, whom he had seen was call'd *Abra-Mu'è*, taken about six years of Age, in an incursion made by the *Tartars* into *Muscovis*; that a rich Merchant of *Samarcan* had bred her up, and carefully preserv'd her for Ten Years together, and that he was travelling for *Belgrade* through *Transilvania*, in order to carry her to the Grand Visir, *Karah Ibrahim*, but according to all the conjectures by what he could draw from

from him, his design was only to get Letters of Favour from him, for admission to present her to the Sultan. That the Convoy and the Waggon's staid at *Kolenko*, a Castle seated within two miles of the Camp, and that they were resolv'd to stop there for one day, to recover the young Lady from the Disorder into which the Encounter with the *Polonians* had put her.

Such was the Love that *Soliman* had conceiv'd for this young *Muscovite*, that the first growth of it had made such a deep impression in his Heart, that the last part of this Relation was like a clap of Thunder to his Sences. In the midst of his first Thoughts, he perswaded himself, that being Master of the Armies through the whole extent of the Frontiers of *Poland*, and both Banks of the *Niefter*, it would be easie for him to find pretexts to stop the farther journey of the unknown Lady, and to prosper the attempts of his Love. But so soon as he consider'd, that she was design'd for the Sultan, despair took possession of his Soul; nor could all his Wit imagin which way to flatter his Desires. In the midst of these Agitations he omitted nothing of his Duty, but having issu'd forth his necessary Orders, he was ready to retire into his Cabinet, that he might surrender himself with more Tranquility to his amorous Contemplations, when word was brought him that the *Tartarian* Merchant desir'd to kiss his Hands.

Murfa, for that was the name of the *Tartar* was no sooner arriv'd at *Kolenko*, but after he had

had taken all the requisite Precautions for the security of his Company, he bethought himself, that it not only behov'd him to pay his acknowledgement to the Seraskier, but that he might obtain from his generosity Letters of Recommendation to the Visir, and the *Kisler Agasi*, with pass-ports requisite for the crossing of *Transylvania*; and to the end that his Compliments and his Presents might be the more graciously accepted, he would needs have 'em accompanied with a few lines from *Abra-Mulè*, and a present in her Name.

Upon the proposal which he made the fair *Muscovite*, she fell into a Disorder, which might have easily unravell'd the thoughts of her Heart, had not the Merchant attributed to her modesty the ruddy Blushes that spread themselves in her Cheeks. *Soliman's* victorious Merit, at the first sight, had cast into her Soul the Sparkles of a Passion, which the condition she was in, commanded her to stifle. On the other side it was no small pleasure to her, that it was in her power to oblige him to renew her in his Memory, by means of an opportunity, that put neither her Chastity nor her Modesty in any hazard; only she was afraid least her Heart should dictate too much to her Pen. This combat suspended her Resolution. But at length *Murfa*, who was to her instead of a Father, pressing her with the Authority of a Master, she took her Pen and wrote the following Lines.

Abra-

'Abra-Mulè to Soliman Basha, Seraskier.

I Am too much beholding to your Valour, not to join my particular acknowledg^ment with that of Murfa's; I obey'd him with delight. I could willingly desire, Sir, you could but apprehend to what a degree this Obligation is engrav'd in my Soul: the remembrance of it shall be Eternal. But in regard I have only good wishes, wherewith to acknowledge so generous a service, they will never be to my satisfaction, till Heaven has bestow'd upon you all the Happiness which you deserve, and which I wish you.

ABRA-MULE.

This Letter she accompany'd with a rich Scarf of Gold Tissu, Embroider'd with Pearl, the work of her own hands. Murfa also took along with him a magnificent Turbant, and with twenty Horse arriv'd at the Seraskier's Camp.

'Tis no hard matter to imagin how much to his satisfaction he was receiv'd. Murfa gave Soliman to understand that *Abra-Mulè* was the Daughter of a Boyar or Muscovite Nobleman whose name was *Mulè-Alexowitz*, who being too confident of maintaining his Ground against an Inundation of Tartars into his Castle of *Sinola* seated upon the Frontiers, had the misfortune to be taken by storm, to have all that he had plunder'd, burnt or put to the Sword; that the Boyar

Boyar himself was slain in the first heat of the onset; that a common *Tartar* having his Scimiter lifted up to *Massaker Abra-Mulè*, an Officer compassionating the tender Beauty of the Infant, stop'd his Arm; that the same Officer took her as part of his share, and sold her to himself; that she was bred up with his Daughter, and that her Beauty every day increasing, and being arriv'd at an accomplish'd perfection, he design'd to make a present of it to the Sultan; that he had already written to the same purpose, both to *Kara Ibrahim*, the Grand Visir, and to the *Kisler Agasi*, who had return'd him favourable answers, with orders to set forward with all speed; that he was expected at *Adrianople*, where the Sultan intended to spend the Summer; and that he made all the hast that possibly he could. That his Instructions were to receive Orders from the Visir at *Belgrade*, and lastly that he besought *Soliman* to second him yet farther with his Letters of Recommendation.

This Recital not a little perplex'd the *Seraskier*, and his Grief would have more loudly manifested it self, had not *Abra-Mulè's* Letter somewhat calm'd his Sorrows. What an unexpected joy! What Agitations did he not feel within his throbbing Heart! though it contain'd no more then a bare Compliment, he thought he discover'd somethings in it that flatter'd both his Imagination and his Love. He kindly accepted the presents, promis'd *Murfa* whatever he demand'd; and while his attendants were entertaining the

the Merchant with usual Refreshments, he be-
took himself to his Cabiner, and return'd the
following answer more circumspect out of Policy,
then his Love would otherwise have prompted
him to make.

Soliman Seraskier to the incomparable
Abra-Mulè.

THE little service which my good Fortune gave
me an opportunity to perform, did not deserve so
great a Recompence as that which I receive from the
fairest and most amiable person in the World. I will
give my self the true delight of coming my self to thank
you for so much goodness so little expected, and to of-
fer you whatever lies within my power. I hope then,
to let you understand, that there cannot be any person
more devoted to your service then is

Soliman.

The Seraskier deliver'd this Letter open to *Mur-
sa*, and told him withall, that since he was to
stay a whole day at *Kolenco*, he would be there
upon the morrow, on purpose with a small en-
tertainment to alleviate the hardships he had suf-
fer'd in a toilsom Journey: That it was the
least he could do to wait upon a Person design'd
for his Master's Embraces; in the mean time he
would take care for the making ready such Or-
ders, as should render more supportable the fa-
tigues of their ensuing Travels.

Murfa

Marsa departed very well satisfied, and *Soliman* retiring, took his Letter, and read it over and over again, and kissing it as often as he cast his eyes upon it, Can it be possible fair *Abra*, said he, that the Remembrance of *Soliman* should ever be eternal in thy Memory? But, answer'd he to himself, to what purpose would that Remembrance serve, but to render me more miserable! Stifle thy Love unfortunate *Soliman*, thou wouldst dispute thy Right in *Abra* with any other but thy Sultan; but in contesting with thy Master, there is nothing that can flatter thy hope. Stifle then, this Love, before it gets too powerful a Dominion over thee.

After this, he walkt to and fro in a profound silence, till at length his Passion getting the upper hand. Well! said he, What signifies it? Maugre my despair, can I prevail upon my self to say I will not Love her? No, no,—I will love her—and make known to her the Passion which she has kindled in my Heart: What is to be done, should she by chance love me? But, Oh—that's the Question. A thousand Accidents, which I foresee not, may favour the success of my Love. The *Kister Agasi* is my sure Friend, he is the Master of the Serraglio: *Mabomet* loves me; nor is it a new thing for the Sultans to honour their Favourites with Wives out of their Serraglio: The Sultaness *Affeki* is jealous: *Mabomet* may be hinderd from fixing his Affection upon *Abra*. Lastly, there is nothing but what may be hop'd for from Time, and my Intregues.

With these Chimera's he flatter'd his Passion, and then revolving in his memory the same Thoughts over and over again, he consider'd, that before he let himself loose to these Imaginations it was to be presuppos'd that he was belov'd by *Abra*, and after he had been sometime reflecting upon this, at length he resolv'd to try whither he could gain her, and then to carry on his Intrigues, as Accidents and Opportunities should offer.

Having spent the night in these restless Expostulations of his contending thoughts, he sent his Servants the next morning to *Kolenco* to make ready, with all the magnificence that possible could be, the Entertainment which he had premeditated: he apparell'd himself as sumptuously as possibly he could, girded his Vest with the Scarf that *Abra* had presented him, put on *Murfa's* Turban, and accompanied with eight or ten of the principal Officers of his Army, to the end his Journey might be the less suspected, or rather that it might be lookt upon as a piece of Honour pay'd the Sultan, he arriv'd at *Kolenco*.

The Collation was *Superb*; the Dances after the *Turkish* manner; Wrestling, Racing, and the rest of the Divertisments were successfully perform'd; and toward Sun-set a *Promenade* in a little Grove serv'd for an Interval, in expectation of the Fire-works that were to enlighten the first Appearances of darkness.

Soliman could not till then meet with an Opportunity to discourse *Abra* ; but then he gave her his hand ; and while the Officers made their several Applications to other Women, the whole Company perceiv'd themselves near the Entrance into a long green Arbour. *Soliman* led in the young *Muscovite* ; and *Musfa*, who had given her Directions to request something of the Seraskier, which he durst not presume to ask himself, kept his post, out of respect, at the entrance into the Arbour, and his Example obliging all the rest to separate themselves, some one way, some another, *Soliman* caus'd *Abra* to seat her self upon a Bank of Turf, and perceiving that though he might be seen, he could not be heard by the Merchant, he thought it behov'd him not to lose an Opportunity so favourable to his Passion. Presently therefore with a low Voice, and a passionate and tender Look.

Fair *Abra*, said he, how dear has my good Fortune cost me! that I should have the pleasure to come to your Relief, but that that same succour should prove the only occasion of my Torments. I ought indeed, to bury 'em in silence from yee; the Respect which your Eyes Imprint, the Grandeur to which you are design'd, and my duty to the Sultan, all these Considerations should lock up my Tongue, but my Love o'rules me. Perhaps I may never have but this moment of my life to let you know it. But though I were sure it would prove my

Ruin, I could not resolve with my self to loose so happy a Minute,

Abra, who till then had never perceiv'd in all the *Seraskier's* Conduct, other then respectful Wariness, by means of which he had understood so well to conceal the Sentiments which he reveal'd to her, did not expect so lively a Declaration of his Love. Wherefore, as much inclin'd as her heart might be to please it self with the thoughts of being belov'd by a Person whom she found to be altogether Admirable, yet was she tost with a most terrible Combat between the Pleasure of knowing the effect of her Charms, and the fear of explaining her self upon a subject of which she her self was so sensible.

A suddain Blush redoubl'd the Luster of her Complexion; she cast her Eyes upon the ground, for fear they should betray the trouble of her mind, and with the same restriction upon her Voice.

Heaven, Sir, said she, does not consult our Hearts to regulate our Destinies. I am a Victim Sacrific'd to the interest of a *Tartar*; would you hinder me from suffering my self to be led without murmuring to the Altar? Alas, as free a Woman as I shall enter into the *Serraglio*, I shall endure perhaps but too much pain to see my self the slave of false Grandeur that will signify nothing to one that contemns it as I do; and would you labour to redouble the Torments that are preparing for me in that place?

Ah,

Ah, Madam, reply'd *Soliman*, did you look upon as a surplussage of pains what I have said to yee, how happy should I be ; since then I might hope that my Love would make some impression in your Heart, The word is slipt from my Mouth, and I can no longer hold my Tongue. I love ye Madam, I Adore ye, I Burn, but with a Fire that never can be extinguish'd. Ah, Madam, what is there that I would not strive to merit, so that I might not be indifferent to your Affection !

Here *Soliman* stopt, but finding that *Abra* continu'd silent, and that with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, she seem'd to be in a kind of uncertainty what answer to return ; Speak, fairest *Abra*, continu'd he, speak, or give me my Deaths wound, and perceiving some Tears drop from her Eyes, yes, charming *Abra*, repeated he, I love ye beyond all that man can Love, I Adore yee : Can you look with indifferency upon a Passion so tender and so lively ?

Ah, Sir, answer'd the *Muscovite*, with a sigh that she could not restrain, had your Passion been indifferent to me, I should have told ye but too much ere now. I never had so great a dread, added she, of being sacrific'd to the Passions of an unknown person, as since I know that man of all the world most worthy to possess my heart. I now have said too much, Sir, but time which is to you so Precious, and your Eternal Separation make me forget my self, and put me quite to Shame. I Blush for my Weakness, in

not being able to conceal the Tryumph of your Merit. However, Sir, abuse not this my Weakness, it has betray'd me. But since Heaven has furrounded this Passion with an invincible Obstacle, let us stifle it in its Birth, and let not this secret be known to yee, for any other reason then to forget it.

Who I? Madam, reply'd *Soliman*, I must then forget the only thing that can procure my Happiness. If Heaven obstructs the accomplishment of my desires, at least it shall not hinder me from easing my Torments with the pleasure of knowing that your Heart is not insensible of my Love. Leave the rest to time, to my Fortune, and to my Industry. I shall be at *Adrianople* after the Campaign is over; trust to the *Kisler Agasi*, I will instruct him what he is to do in my behalf, and confide in the inviolable fidelity of *Soliman*.

And you, Sir, since your Merit has forc'd me to betray the impression which it has made in my heart, assure your self that it shall be my chief delight to preferr you before all the Crowns of the Earth; and that all my Consolation in the Horrors of my close confinement shall be to find that you are constant.

The fear of rendring suspicious a longer Discourse made *Abra* rise. The *Seraskier* led her by the hand, they rejoyn'd *Murfa*, and all the company being come together, they went to the Banks of a River, upon which there were prepar'd a great many Fire-works; while a magnificent

nificent Collation under a stately open Tent by the River side concluded the Divertisements.

Soliman departed a thousand times more enamour'd then at his first Arrival; and the next morning *Murfa* continu'd his Journey, having obtain'd of the *Seraskier* whatever he could desire. But if he travell'd with contentment, the nearer he advanc'd to his journeys End, the more mortal was *Abra's* Grief for the remoteness of a Separation, so much the more dreadful to her, because she could not foresee any means or way by which she should ever meet again with the person who already she lov'd so tenderly, and with such a sincere Passion.

'Twas no hard matter soon to perceive the Melancholly that began to weaken her, and which was ascrib'd to the fatigues of a long Journey. But her slave *Sarai*, who had always attended her as a Governess, penetrated into the true reason of it; and in regard she lay by her side, her Sighs could not escape her. She also observ'd, that ever since the morning of her departure from *Kolenco*, she had in the Agitations of her Dreams several times repeated the Name of *Soliman*, so that having a singular kindness for this Amiable Virgin, and on the other side the merit of the *Seraskier*, and his Generosity having an influence upon her Mind, she ventur'd to push her Penetration a little farther, and to seek some remedy for the pains her Mistress endur'd.

With this purpose the Night following when they were alone, and that she heard her Sigh more violently, she drew near her Bed, and embracing her, I love ye tenderly, my dear *Abra*, said she, I love yee tenderly, and will you conceal any longer from me what I already know too well? Open your self to me, and expect from my Fidelity and my Discretion whatever my zeal can offer yee.

Abra, surpriz'd at this Discourse, answer'd only with a Sigh. But *Sarai* embrac'd her more closely, and conjur'd her with so much importunity, and after such an affectionate manner, to trust her with what she could no longer conceal from her, that at length *Abra*, melting into Tears lay'd open her Heart. *Sarai* on the other side, promis'd her all assistance, and assur'd her, that if she had a thousand Lives, she would venture 'em all to make her happy.

From that very moment *Abra* appear'd more blithe, as if by entrusting her secret, she had discharg'd her self of some weighty Burthen. And in regard that *Soliman* sought allways imaginable with safety to convey his mind in writing to *Abra*, *Sarai* spar'd him the fruitless trouble which he put himself to, while he thought to accomplish his desires by any other assistance then hers.

A correspondence of that Importance hazarded the Life both of the one and the other, and therefore to avoid all Danger, it was agreed, that the *Seraskier's* Letters should be so contriv'd.

as if he had an Affection for *Zaid*, who was *Sarai*'s Neece, and Beautiful beside, and that *Sarai* her self should write *Abra*'s Letters, in *Zaid*'s Name. The intercourse was thus settl'd upon the third day after the Separation of the two Lovers, and the first Letter that *Abra* receiv'd from the *Seraskier*, contain'd these kind Expressions.

Soliman to Zaid.

TO Love every day, to be sensible of the still remote Separation from us of what we love much more then our selves, and not to know whether ever we shall meet again; what an Affliction, Adorable *Zaid*, what Torments are these! But it would be much more cruel, if at the same time I should have any reason to doubt the Sincerity of your Words. Remember the promise you have made me, and be assur'd, that if I love you more then it is possib'e for all other men together to do, my Fidelity is equal to my Love, and that nothing shall ever change the Heart of

SOLIMAN.

Abra receiv'd this Billet from *Sarai*'s Hands, and Dictated to her the following Answer.

Zaid

Zaid to Soliman Seraskier.

M*Y* Aunt deliver'd me your Letter, which has afforded me the only Pleasure I have had since I lost the sight of your Person. What sorrows do those Minutes cost me every day, which once enjoy'd are now no more to be expected! Yet is it written in Heaven that they shall never return! Love, Sir, Love on; but let your Love be ne'r so true, be assur'd it equals not my love for you, and if your Fidelity be in Violable, my Constancy shall be Eternal. Pity my Fate, and think often of

Z A I D.

These Letters were attended by some others; and in regard that *Soliman* in his second testify'd a great desire to see *Abra* once again, *Sarai's* Advice was that she should fain her self sick, to the end they might be forc'd to stop in a kind of a Castle seated upon the Edge of a Forrest. The measures taken by *Sarai* were put in Execution, and the *Seraskier* being fully inform'd of *Sarai's* contrivance, he took Post by the means of lay'd Horses; and under pretences which he never wanted, arriv'd at the place appointed; where he disguiz'd himself in the Habit of a *Dervis*, or one of the *Turkish* Priests; in great Veneration among those People, and particularly thought to be endu'd with a power to cure

cure all sorts of Sicknefs by reading in private certain Chapters of the *Alchoran*, laid upon the head of the sick Person. *Sarai* therefore had prepar'd all things ready for the Applications of the *Dervis* to *Abra's* Distemper, and the superstitious *Murfa* was fallen into the snare, so that 'twas no hard matter to introduce *Soliman* under that disguise, which *Murfa* so little suspected, that seeing him coming at a Distance, he fell with his Face upon the Ground, and made all his Servants do as much, while the counterfeit Saint pass'd forward with a great *Alchoran*, which he held open, and resting upon his Forehead, as upon a Desk, to the end he might the better hide his Face.

Soliman being thus enter'd into *Abra's* Chamber, thought it not convenient to spend his time in reading the *Alchoran*, but throwing himself at *Abra's* Knees, and embracing 'em, who would have thought, said he, fair *Abra*, who would have thought that I should ever have been so happy to see you again.

Abra, that she might oblige him to a posture more becoming his Grandeur, seated her self upon a Couch that was close by; but *Soliman* still continuing with one Knee upon the Ground, and perceiving that *Saria* was retir'd to have an Eye at the Door, he took both her hands between his own, and continuing his Discourse. No, No, Madam; No, said he, I no longer question your Love, since without any hesitation or scruple you have ventur'd all to afford
me

me this alleviation of my Pains. Ah, Madam, what a Pleasure it is, what a Satisfaction to me to see you once again ! Sir, reply'd *Abra*, if the Pleasure of seeing what we love be to be measur'd by love, your Joy is not superiour to mine. But with what bitternesses is this secret Pleasure intermix'd, when we consider that 'tis but for a Moment, which will be attended with a long and perhaps perpetual Separation.

Hope better Madam, reply'd *Soliman*, and since our Prophet himself affords me this day by the help of this Disguise, an Opportunity of seeing you, be assur'd that he approves our Fires, and that he will direct us to find out which way to enjoy our Affection with more freedom. I come here chiefly to instruct yee what measures are to be taken, to prevent our being expos'd to the Sultan's passions. To which purpose here is a Letter to the *Kisler Agasi*, which *Sarai* shall take care to deliver him, before he receives those wherewith *Murfa* is entrusted ; and provided you can but preserve me your heart till I return to *Adrianople*, and that the *Kisler* does but prevent your being seen by *Mahomet*, I will set all Engins at work, and I presume so much upon his Highness's favour, that I despair not to obtain you as his own gift.

If it only depends upon my Constancy, said *Abra*, to avoid the Sultan, and enjoy your Love, you may rely upon me, Sir, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to prosper the success of your Passion : But take care, Sir, that I may
not

not be depriv'd in the Serraglio of the comfort of having my faithful *Sarai* about me ; my Heart is in her hands, and she will be of great Use to us.

This, reply'd *Soliman*, is one of the principal Motives of my Letter : for I do not discover to the *Kister* the secret of so dangerous a Passion. I referr that till we come to discourse together: But I send to him only to do me those Kindnesses, which I can only expect from his Industry in favouring my desires. He is Master of the Serraglio ; he shall keep *Sarai* with yee, no doubt of it ; and he shall do nothing without consulting her. And to the end, that by knowing what I have written, you may the better be able to understand how to govern your Affairs, here is a Copy of it. *Abra* took the Copy, and calling *Sarai*, read the following Lines.

Soliman

Soliman Seraskier to the Illustrious Isonf Kifler Agasi.

Your Mightiness will receive by the Tartarian Merchant Murfa Letters of Recommendation, to the end the Present which he designs to his Highness of the Noble and Vertuous Slave Abra-Mulê, may be the more graciously accepted. You have always found me to be your Friend; and I know the Reasons of your being supported by the Favour of the Sultaneſs Aſſeki, which obliges me, as a Confident, to admonish you not to be too forward in exposing this new Commer to the Sultan's view till I return to Adrianople, at what time I will inform you of every thing. In the mean time fail not to let Sarai continue with her; to the end she may be serviceable to you, in calming Abra's impatience to arrive at that Honour to which Karah Ibrahim's Cabal designs her. The Advice is of great Importance, therefore despise it not.

After the reading of this Letter, Soliman instructed Abra and Sarai, in all the secret Intreagues of the Serraglio, and how it behov'd 'em to manage their Affairs; so that they might be able to second whatever he sent to the Kifler. After this, two the Lovers fell into private discourse, wherein they omitted nothing to give each other reciprocal Marks of their

their most tender and ardent Passion. At length the time which the *Dervais* usually employ with their sick Patients being almost spent, and the fatal Moment of Separation approaching, *Abra* took out of a little Trunk three of her own Portraits, and requested *Soliman* to make choice of one. He took that which he thought most like her, and at the same time *Abra* threw the other two into the fire.

What d' yee do, Madam, cry'd *Soliman*, why d' yee so profusely destroy the Images of Nature's Master-piece. In regard I have but one Heart, reply'd *Abra*, and that never any Person in the World shall enjoy it but your self, for whom would you have me preserve those other Portraits? I offer 'em up to that which I give you, and which I beg you to keep; as I sacrifice all the rest of the Earth to the only Love I have for *Soliman*.

The *Seraskier* admir'd the Delicacy of *Abra's* Heart, and kissing the Hand from which he receiv'd the Portrait, how sweet a thing it is, Madam, said he, how sweet a thing it is to be belov'd after so tender and delicate a manner. I accept this precious pledge of your Love, I will preserve it till Death, and it shall be a perpetual Testimony of my Constancy. After this the *Seraskier* took leave of *Abra*, who could not restrain her Tears, and at the same time taking his Head between her Arms, and pressing it close to her Bosom, she gave him a kiss upon the Fore-head, and then permitted him to take the
same

same liberty upon each hand. Which done, *Soliman* rose up, and after he had prevail'd with *Sarai* to accept a magnificent present in Jewels, he left the Chamber with the same Ceremony as he enter'd in, *Murfa* attending him with a great Train to the Gate of the Castle. *Abra* recover'd her Health; the Reputation of this *Dervis* was spread abroad, and *Soliman* quitting his Religious Habit, took Post again, and return'd to the Army.

Murfa extreamly satisfy'd with the pretended Miracle of the Alchoran, which redoubli'd his Superstition, departed the next morning, proceeding prosperously in his journey, while *Abra* comforted her self in *Sarai*'s Bosom, with reading the Letters which she receiv'd from time to time directed to *Zaid*, and spending some nights in returning answers to 'em.

They cross'd *Transilvania*, travelling easie Journeys, and *Michael Abassi* defraying their charges all along; and being arriv'd at *Belgrade*, at a time when *Karab Ibrahim* was there, obtain'd *Murfa* from him, whatever Letters of Recommendation he desir'd. At length he got to *Adrianople*, where the Sultan had been since the Spring, that he might be ne'r at hand to issue forth his orders for the motion of his Troops, and that he might be the more punctually inform'd of every thing that fell out.

Sarai, whose Diligence inclin'd her to spare for nothing, and who understood, that in the *Serraglio* all things were mov'd by the Springs
of

of many, was no sooner arriv'd there, but she won the heart of the *Kislers* first *Dragoman*, or Interpreter, and caus'd *Soliman's* Letter to be deliver'd to that powerful Eunuch, before *Murfa* had made any progresses toward his obtaining Audience. The *Kisler* being thus anticipated, kept the *Tartar* above two Months before he suffer'd *Abra* to be introduc'd into the *Serraglio*; besides, that he found a way to bring her in undrest, and among a Huddle of eight or ten others which various *Bashi's* had sent, and made choice of a day that the Sultan was vext and out of humour upon the receipt of some ill News; so that *Mahomet* being taken up with the troublesome Consultations, wherein the taking of *Neubansal* had engag'd the whole *Divan*, together with the raising of the Siege of *Gran*, which the *Turks* had fruitlessly attempted, and the loss of a Battel fought within two Leagues of that place, and being more over continually besieg'd by the Sultane's *Affeki*, and *Abra* never seeking to expose her self, it was no difficult thing for the *Kisler* to put her into an Appartment out of the way, and keep her out of *Mahomet's* Eye.

But if *Abra* avoided the sight, and consequently the love of the Sultan, till the end of the Campaign, she found her self expos'd to another Amour, which though at first it appear'd less dangerous, yet the Consequences of it were most terribly fatal.

Mahomet kept his Brothers under a kind of Confinement, where nevertheless they had free-

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dom

dom enough. He forc'd 'em to attend him in all his Progresses, and they were then in the *Serraglio* at *Adrianople* serv'd as Princes in their several Appartments; and the *Sultan* who would not deprive 'em of their Pleasures, but was unwilling however they should have any Children, took care that they should not be suffer'd to come at any Women, but such as were past Child bearing; yet that they should provide for 'em the handsomest that could be found out at those years.

Prince *Soliman*, who, as I have said, was a handsom person, notwithstanding he seem'd so addicted to the study of the *Alchoran*, was of an amorous Complection, and was not satisfi'd with the superannuated Mistresses with which they endeavour'd to amuse him. He was wily, and full of dissimulation, and having acquir'd a perfect confidence with an Elderly Woman, call'd *Marama*, who was impos'd upon him for one of his Bed-fellows, he had so much influence over her, as to engage her to supply him by dextrous Intreagues, with younger pastimes then those to which he was forc'd to confine himself, and she had already succeeded in several Negotiations that requir'd a most nice conduct.

She had her Appartment in the same Gallery where *Abra* had hers; and in regard she was extremely Insinuating, full of Flattery, together with an Anticipating and frolick Wit, she soon struck in with the young *Muscovite*, and fasten'd
her

her self to her in a strict familiarity, which their near Nighbourhood allow'd of, and which the *Kisler* favour'd, to the end she might be taken up with divertisements, that might hinder her from thinking of the Sultan.

Marama had no sooner knit the knot of this familiarity, but having found out that *Abra* had no ambitious design of making her self known to the Sultan, it came into her Head to intrigue her with *Soliman*. To which purpose she made such a lively Description of the young *Muscovite* to the youthful Prince, that without any trouble she infus'd into him a violent desire to see her; and on the other side, she made use of all her Wit in magnifying to *Abra* the merits of *Soliman*.

Now to create an opportunity for the Prince to satisfy his Eyes with the sight of an Object which she had painted to him adorn'd with so many Accomplishments, she obtain'd leave of the *Kisler* to give a Collation to five or six of her Friends in the Sultaness's *Valides* private Garden, and she so order'd her Business, as to engage *Abra* to be one of her Guests.

The Collation was serv'd up at the end of an Alley that was overlook'd by a Cross-bar'd window of *Soliman's* appartement, who from thence had a full view of the *Muscovite*, whom he found infinitely more beautiful then *Marama* had set her forth to be; and of a suddain fell so violently in love with her, that his dear confident coming in the Evening to visit him, he shut

himself up with her, and closely embracing her, I am a dead Man, my dear *Marama*, said he, if you afford not some asswagement to that love which you have kindl'd, and which can only be expected from your address and diligence.

This Relief, reply'd *Marama*, depends not upon me; I have found the way to bless your Eyes with an Object that most deserves the love of the greatest Prince in the World. This is but the first step; it behoves me now to sound her Heart, which seems to me but very indifferent as to all sorts of Pleasures, and less inclin'd to love than any other Passion. But the main difficulty is for you to see her, and speak to her. However leave that to Time and my Diligence, and be assur'd that I shall omit nothing to bring it to pass.

This Promise something quieted *Soliman's* first Disturbances; he rely'd upon *Marama's* cunning, and in the mean time not believing that a Woman of the *Serraglio* could hold out against the Love of an *Ottoman* Prince, He flatter'd his Passion with that success which was at a great distance from him.

In the mean time *Marama* united her self more closely to the young *Muscovite* and by her Assiduities she also insinuated her self into *Sarai's* Confidence, and at length she carry'd her self so pliant, that *Abra* who sought only for Pastimes to conceal and assuage her Anxieties, could not live without her company.

When

When she found her self so well settl'd in a heart which she thought void of Love, she attempted to infuse that Passion by a general discourse of the pleasures that attended the Union of two Persons in a charming Affection. *Abra* listen'd to her, and seem'd to give Credit to her discourse, because that all she said to her flatter'd her Inclinations for the *Seraskier*: And *Marama*, who was perswaded she had made some Impression upon her Soul, imagin'd that nothing remain'd for her to do, but only by some Artifice to get *Soliman* and *Abra* together, which she thought might be easily brought to pass.

The body of the Building wherein were the Appartiments of *Abra*, *Marane*, and a great number of other Women, was directly opposite to that wherein the Princes were lodg'd; and to prevent their Communication, and seeing one another, a very thick and high Wall divided the Court, by which they were separated.

Amurath, who built those two Structures, or Piles of Lodgings, to be himself in the one with the favourite Sultaness, and to lodge the most beautiful Women of his Serraglio in the other, had contriv'd a private little Gallery under Ground, whereby he might pass from one Building to the other, and avoid the jealous Eyes of the Sultaness when he had a mind to visit his other Women. The Entrance into that Gallery jutt'd upon the Appartment possess'd by Prince *Soliman*, and led to *Marama's* Cabinet; but

two Doors a long time since made up prohibited the use of it.

To attempt the opening of a place in the Serraglio clos'd up, was a Crime sufficient to awaken *Mahomet's* jealousy, and to hazard *Soliman's* life: But in regard it was the only way that *Marama* could think of, she furnish'd her self with Irons, and false Keys, requisite to make a Breach, and when all things were ready prepar'd, and concerted with *Soliman*, she engag'd *Abra* to come to her Chamber, and while her Slaves kept *Sarai* in a pleasing Chat, she led her alone into her Cabiner.

Soliman got through, and had hid himself behind the hanging that hung before the Out-let of the Gallery: At what time *Marama* having seated *Abra* upon a heap of Cushions cover'd over with a Carpet, entertain'd her with high Applauses of the marvellous lustre of her Beauty, the brightness of her Eyes, the whiteness of her Skin, and all her other Charms; and after that, shifting her Discourse, she fell to talk of Prince *Soliman*, and cry'd up his Merits to the Skies; insomuch that the portraiture that she gave of him seeming to have a fair resemblance of the Aire, the lovely Meen, and Lineaments of the Seraskier, the poor betray'd Lady, out of an innocent openness of heart, gave her self the liberty to signify, that if the sight of the Prince had not been forbidden by the strict Rules of the Serraglio, her Curiosity might have been prevail'd upon to see him.

Upon

Upon those words, *Soliman*, who thought he had met with the Minute proper to make his Appearance, bolted of a suddain from behind the Hanging, and falling upon one Knee at *Abra's* feet, with his Eyes fix'd upon hers, which she cast toward the ground in a deep surprize, that render'd her immovable, Madam, said he, behold a Prince that burn'd with impatience to behold the most wonderful of all perfections that ever Nature produc'd, and who is come to prostrate his Heart at your feet, and put his Life in your hands.

Abra who could not recover her self from her Astonishment, durst not cast an Eye upon *Soliman*; but upon *Marama* she threw a look that seem'd at once both to reproach her Treachery, and bemoan the trouble into which she had plung'd her. A Ruddiness more then ordinary spread it self upon her Cheeks, her whole Body trembl'd, and not knowing what course to take under a Circumstance so little expected, she stood in a profound silence, when *Soliman* resuming his first Addresses, I see, Madam, said he, I see, that the Happiness I have had, for the sight of you, to surmount those Obstacles that would have appear'd invincible to any other Love but that which I have for your self, offends yee; but impute to the power of your Charms, and the tenderness of my heart, this Crime that has affrighted yee, and which you will pardon me, when you consider that no man living can behold those Eyes without adoring 'em.

Abra, who during this disorder, felt her anger augment as her astonishment began to quit her, cast a smart look upon *Soliman*, and at the same time turning again her Eyes away from him, Sir, said she, did you only expose my life by an Enterprize so dangerous both for you and *Marama*, you should not have seen me tremble. But Sir, what ist you aim at by an Undertaking no less fruitless then rash and indiscreet? I am not ignorant of the full extent of your Merit, and I pay it the real homage of my Esteem: But if you have forc'd those Obstacles that forbid you the sight of me, there yet remains others far more invincible, that forbid my heart to entertain a Passion that must never enter there.

Oh, Madam, were the Sultan so happy as to have touch'd your heart, I might justly fear the meeting with an invincible Obstacle to my Love; but since I know that he has never cast his Eyes upon you, and that you your self are careful to avoid his sight, what Obstacle can the Love of a Prince, who adores yee, meet with in a heart so free as yours? A Prince, who would sacrifice the whole Earth to the satisfaction of infusing into your Soul the smallest Passion for him.

Prince, reply'd *Abra*, whatever liberty *Mahomet* gives my heart, you will not find it less insensible then if he had the sole possession of it. Stifle therefore a Love that may precipitate yee into a thousand dismal Inconveniencies, I am not

ignorant of the danger to which, at this Instant, you have expos'd your self; nor has the surprize into which you have put me; or my indignation to see my self thus betray'd by *Marama* so clouded my Reason, as not to consider what I have to do. I esteem and respect yee, Sir, too much to deny yee my silence for the security of your head. Be gon Sir, and do not ruin your self for the sake of an Amour, where there is no probability of success.

You may, Madam, never have any Affection for me, but I can never cease to have a Love for you. If my pure Flames offend yee, here's my head, deliver it up to my Brother to punish the Presumption of my Adoration.

Sir, said *Abra*, a heart like mine, never seeks Revenge, and the Injuries done by Love are always excusable, nor will I revenge my self of that which yours has done me, but in labouring to extinguish it: I also pardon *Marama's* Treachery, for the sake of her friendship for you. Require of my heart all the Esteem that is due to a Prince of extraordinary Merit: 'Tis your due, and I pay it freely. But require not a Love from a heart that is not at Liberty, and which it would be therefore in vain to importune.

Though this same mildness that *Abra* shew'd was only an effect of her Prudence and Discretion, yet *Soliman*, who easily flatter'd himself in his pleasures, vainly imagin'd that the reason why she so willingly consented by her silence

to conceal an Attempt so criminal, was only because his Love and his Character had made the first Impressions in her heart; and judging that he had done enough for the first meeting, in having shewn himself in person, and declar'd his Love, he wittily turn'd the Discourse upon other things more general, and after he had stay'd sometime in the Cabinet, he took his leave.

So soon as he was gone, *Marama*, who had the same thoughts as he, presently began to put *Abra* upon a new Discourse of the Prince's love, imagining that she would open her Mind with more freedom to her: But she was soon convinc'd, by the Reproaches of her Infidelity, and the smart Answers which she made her, that that there was nothing less in her heart than those Inclinations wherewith *Soliman* flatter'd himself; and that if she intended to make any farther progresses toward the vanquishing her Indifferency, or to preserve the familiarity she had with her, it behov'd her either not to say a word more of that Amour, or else to make use of Artifices more nice and delicate.

While this Intreague, which in the Conclusion prov'd so fatal to *Mahomet* was taking root in the *Serraglio*, the end of an Unsuccessful Campaign redoubl'd the Sultan's Anxieties.

Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain* had the year before undertaken the siege of *Buda*; but the jealousy of his Enemies which he had in the Emperor's Council, and who envy'd those Honours

ours which ecclips'd their own, caus'd the Mis-carriage of that Enterprize, by maliciously keeping from him those Supplies which were most necessary for the Attacque of so important a Place, and the subsistence of his Men. So that wanting every thing, and not being able to hinder *Cheitan Basba*, *Serakeire* of the Armies in *Hungary* from relieving it, he was forc'd to raise his siege.

Enrag'd at the Success of his Enemies Malice, the next year he took more certain Measures, to the end he might not be expos'd to the same Inconveniencies, and open'd a Glorious Campaign with the siege of *Neubansel*.

The Vizir *Karah Ibrahim*, who rather chose to employ the Valour of other men, than to act himself, and who from *Belgrade* issu'd forth all his Orders to all the Armies, in hopes to make a Diversion, laid siege to *Gran*. But in regard the *Turks* found more resistance there than they expected, after they had wasted twelve days in vain they rais'd their siege, and joyn'd all their Forces under *Cheitan Serakier*, to oppose Prince *Charles*, who without discontinuing the siege *Newbanfel*, march'd directly with the Body of his Army to decide the destiny of the Campaign by the fate of a Battel.

The Armies came in view of each other within three Leagues of *Gran*, there being nothing between 'em but a *Morass*, which could not be cross'd but through narrow Passes at a distance one from the other ; besides that the *Cheitan* had
sixty

sixty thousand Men ; so that Prince *Charles*, who had not above forty five, thought it would be a rash attempt to pass the *Morass* in view of the Enemy, and within the reach of their shot, to attack 'em in their Entrenchment. He therefore try'd whether he could engage 'em to pass it first themselves, which it was not difficult to do by two Stratagemes. The one by spreading a false report, that his Army was reduc'd to forty thousand Men ; and the other, by feigning a precipitate and false retreat.

This double Stratagem succeeded to a wonder: for the *Turks* observing the motion of that feign'd retreat, pass'd the *Morass* in the night time. But then Prince *Charles* who march'd slowly, understanding they were got over, fac'd about, Embattel'd his Army, and having given the left wing to the Elector of *Bavaria*, and taking the right himself, advanc'd toward the Enemy.

The Onset was Vigorous on the *Turks* side, who thought they had been marching to a Victory, not to a Combat. They charg'd the two Wings three times, and the Principal weight of their Strength falling upon the Right Wing where the Princes of *Conti* and *Roche sur Ton* fought as Volunteers at the Head of *Lantbiers's* Squadron, the immoveable steadiness of these Princes render'd ineffectual the Enemy's Efforts, and their undaunted Valour contributed not a little to the winning of the Battel.

The fight was long and Obstinate on the *Turks* side, who gave ground, and rally'd as often
as

as they were broken, and returning to the Charge, endeavour'd still to Flank the right Wing, where lay the main strength of the Battel; but at length the Elector of *Bavaria*, after he had first broken and dispers'd all that stood before him, fell with his left Wing upon the *Turks*, and put 'em into such a general Confusion, that being every where Broken they betook themselves to flight, and repass'd the *Morass*, beyond which they were still pursu'd with the Loss of Ten thousand men, and not daring to stay in their Entrenchments, never thought themselves safe till they were got under the Canon of *Buda*.

After this great Victory, *Newbanfel* was taken by Storm, and the Emperour carry'd his Victorious Arms as far as the *Drave*, ruining the Bridge of *Esseck*, and by taking a good Number of other Places, put the *Divan* into such a Consternation, that upon the false Information of *Karab Ibrahim*, whose ill Conduct and Cowardise had not a little contributed to the Misfortunes of this Campaign, and who was a Mortal Enemy to the famous Count *Tekeli*, they blindly took a Resolution to seize upon that Count at *Waradin*; and to have him carry'd laden with Fetters to *Adrianople*. Which compleated the Ruin of the *Turks* affairs in *Hungary*.

Karab Ibrahim soon after attended upon the Sultan, and finding him incens'd at the Misfortunes of the Campaign, that he might turn the Effects of his Anger upon some other Head. so
dex-

dextrously lay'd the Cause of all the Summers ill success upon the ill Conduct of the *Seraskier Cheitan*, that *Mahomet*, who was naturally ungrateful, forgetting the Signal Services which he had done him both in *Poland*, and the Relief of *Buda*, order'd him to lose his head, which was publickly put in Execution.

By his Death the Employment of *Seraskier* of the *Hungarian Armies* became Vacant ; and for the supplying it, the *Sultan* cast his Eyes upon the *Seraskier Seliman*, whom we left upon the Frontiers of *Poland*, and who had promis'd the fair *Abra*, that after the end of the Campaign he would be at *Adrianople*.

He had perform'd his Duty with so much conduct and valour, that all the Efforts of the *Polanders* prov'd abortive, and that notwithstanding all their Opposition, he had supply'd *Caminiec* with a considerable Convoy. But notwithstanding his Assiduity in the performance of his Duty and his Vigilance, which carry'd him where ever his Presence might be useful, he took his times, by *Sarai's* Address, and the assistance of some Eunuchs of the *Serraglio*, whom she had won to her side, to let the fair *Muscovite* frequently hear from him, while on the other side he receiv'd from her no less obliging Marks of her fidelity.

At length, as soon as possibly he could, he arriv'd at *Adrianople*, and was receiv'd by the *Sultan*, as one who had the greatest share in his favour, and who alone of all his Generals during the
the

the Campaign had prevented the Misfortunes of ill Success.

So soon as he alighted he had a long and private conference with the *Sultan*, touching the General State of Affairs, and in regard he was a particular Friend of Count *Tekeli's*, he visibly made appear the false Steps which they had made, who counsell'd his Arrest; and from this Accident passing to the Grand Visir's Conduct, who was the Author of that pernicious Advice, he so sensibly made out all his Mistakes, that *Mahomet*, in whose favour that Minister began already to totter, was absolutely determin'd to degrade him, and at the same time to satisfy the favourable Inclinations which he had always had for *Soliman*; so that the Seal of the Empire was soon after taken from *Karab Ibrahim*, and given to *Soliman*, who was declar'd Grand Visir.

Yet did he not rejoice at his Exaltation so much for any other reason, as that he now hoped that *Mahomet's* favour would not refuse him the happiness which he far more desir'd; seeing that if the Sultans did not sometimes disdain to give their own Daughters to their Grand Visirs, he might well obtain a Stranger taken out of the *Serraglio*. But he thought it not convenient to be too hasty, before he had taken his right measures; he consider'd with himself that in the New dignity which he held, and which would fasten the *Kisler Agasi* more closely to his Fortunes, he might discover

ver to him his love for *Abra*, and that it behov'd him to make use of the Industry and Assistance of that Eunuch, as well as his own Credit to obtain the main Aim of his Intentions, and to give the Sultan some notice of it before hand, so soon as an Opportunity offer'd.

Abra receiv'd the News at once both of the Arrival of her dear *Scliman*, and of his Advancement to the chief Dignity in the Empire, and *Sarai* it was who brought her the Intelligence into her Cabinet.

Now tho' she had bin inform'd that he would be in a short time at *Adrianople*, nevertheless because the reiterated Orders of the Sultan had precipitated his Journey, he prevented the time which he had perfix'd, and this was that which made her more sensible of the joyful news which she receiv'd from her dear Confident. She was in hopes she should have heard from him the same day; but he could not withdraw himself from the Importunate Throngs that crouded to load him with their Homages; nor could he quit the Urgency of those pressing Orders wherein he spent the rest of the day, and good part of the night.

At length being with a world of trouble disengag'd from so many slaves, the Adorers of his Fortune, about midnight he detain'd the *Kisler Agasi* with him, and took him into his private Cabinet, under pretence of most Important Orders which he had to impart to him.

After

After they had paid to each other what was due to a long and reciprocal Friendship, the *Kisler* gave *Soliman* an Account of the Artifices which he had been forc'd to make use of, to hinder *Mabomet* from the sight of *Abra*, and the precautions which he us'd every day, to make the best of the warning he had given him in his Letter, but that things could not long remain in the same posture, unless recourse were had to other ways more hazardous. For that within a few days the Sultanesse's Festival was to be kept, and that day all the Women of the Serraglio appear'd in the private Mosquee, with the Habits and Ornaments which the Sultan order'd to be distributed among 'em.

This news was no way pleasing to the Visir; however it did not put him quite out of those hopes wherewith he flatter'd himself; so that at length, after repeated Expressions of the Sincerity of his Affection, he open'd his Heart to the *Kisler*, told him he was passionately in love with *Abra*, and that she corresponded with his Affection.

The *Kisler*, surpriz'd at the acknowledgement of so bold a Passion, remain'd for some time without answering and gave the Visir to understand, that the Entrusting him with such a Secret had put him into a strange Consternation. Nevertheless, after he had consider'd a while; and recovering himself of a suddain, Sir, said he, the more dangerous the Tryal is upon which you put my Friendship, the more I am assur'd

of yours. You are not ignorant to what a dreadful danger you expose me, but since we have begun, it behoves us to make an end. Should I go about to repair the Crime I am guilty of in the eye of the Sultan, I should become an Offender in respect of my Friend, and yet not cease to be the same in respect of my Sovereign. And therefore depend upon my Fidelity, as I depend upon your prudence.

Upon those words the Visir embrac'd the *Kisler*, and imparted to him his design to obtain *Abra*, by begging her of the Sultan. Ah, Sir, said the *Kisler*, would you ruin your self and me too? The *Sultans* will sooner part with their own Daughters, then the meanest slave in the *Serraglio*; because their Daughters are Burthens to 'em, which they would willingly be rid of, and for that by bestowing 'em upon their wealthy Ministers, they sell 'em the Honour of that Alliance, or make use of it as a snare to sacrifice 'em to their Avarice. But *Mahomet*, jealous of every Woman that he keeps in his *Serraglio*, would look upon the Gift of one of his Woman, as a most sensible loss, and therefore since *Abra* has an Affection for yee, and will not refuse to correspond'd with our Contrivances, we must seek which way to take some safer methods. After this they propos'd to themselves several intreagues, but came to no resolution, only referring all things to time, to chance, and their own diligence, for the carrying on so nice an Enterprize, the *Kisler* retir'd. But the
Visir

Visir could not think of taking any repose till he had writ to his dearest *Abra*; when at the very time that he was going about it, an Eunuch brought him a Billet, which after he had open'd it, he found to be *Sarai's* Hand, who only wrote what her Mistress dictated, and read the following lines.

The Loyal One to the Only One.

I know yee to be near me, and laden with the Favours of Fortune; this might be sufficient to satisfy the Transports of my Joy, did not my Love desire something else. When the distance of whole Provinces separated us, 'twas less cruel to me to endure your absence, but the nearer you are, the more painful is it to me, to find my self depriv'd of the pleasure of your Presence. I have heard no news of you: Ambition has robb'd my Love of one whole day: 'Tis too too long; but I expect yee, that I may seal your Pardon. *Sarai*, who better then my self understands the Condition of my Heart, will give you an Account of it; and you will then find that you have no reason to complain, not so much as of one of all these Minutes which I wast remotely distant from you. If you love me, do something that is impossible, to come and see me

Loyal One.

Notwithstanding the Visir was over-joy'd upon the receipt of this Letter from *Abra*, yet was he no less perplex'd to find out a way to get into her Appartment, but in regard he put his

whole confidence in the Address and Friendship of the *Kisler Agasi*, he flatter'd himself that he should accomplish his design; and with these hopes, he took his Pen, and return'd the following Answer, with which he entrusted the same Eunuch,

THE Favors I have receiv'd from Fortune, have not prevail'd upon my Heart to lose a moment of my wanted exactness in thinking upon you. They would have been more acceptable to me, if the load of troublesome Affairs would have suffer'd me to satisfy the impatience of my Love. The Honour which the Sultan has conferr'd upon me, pleases me no otherwise then as it flatters my hopes. I have seen my Friend; there is nothing which I have not attempted to fullfill your Orders. Love me, think upon me, and live for my sake, as for your sake lives the

Onely One.

But while *Mahomet's* Favour rais'd the *Visir* to the highest pinnacle of Fortune, and that *Soliman* met in *Abra's* Constancy, with all that his Love could wish for from a Heart entirely devoted to him, Prince *Soliman* still flatter'd himself that by *Marama's* Intreagues he should at length gain the heart of the young *Muscovite*.

To which purpose that crafty Female-friend, having concerted with the Prince what Methods to take, liv'd with *Abra* under the greatest circumspection imaginable; and ever since the Interview in her Cabinet, which had not the success

cess which she expected, she observ'd her with a wonderful attention; and in regard she had a peircing wit, and a smooth insinuating way to dive into the most hidden Folds of the heart; she perceiv'd that the young *Muscovite* was not without some inward disquiet, and rightly judg'd, that such disquiet could not proceed from any other occasion then Love.

These Thoughts she imputed to Prince *Soliman*, and in regard Mistrust is inseperable from Love, and that the twitches of Jealousie do but serve to inflame a Heart the more, he found himself, by this Information, jealous without an Object, and more enamour'd then he was before; and in the midst of these Agitations that inspir'd his Jealousie, he would needs put Pen to Paper, and accordingly wrote the following Billet.

Prince *Soliman* to the Divine *Abra*.

THE fear of offending yee, more powerful over my Heart, then that of losing my Life, has hinder'd me from seeking any farther Opportunity to pay you a second Visit. You will not Love me, you say, but your Insensibility will not always oblige me not to Love you. I repeat it then, divine *Abra*, that I adore yee, but with a Passion so lively, and so violent, that 'tis impossible your Heart should be insensible of it, were it free from all other Engagement. If a Rival be the Obstacle you meant, it shall not be so invin-

cible as you say it is, since there is no Love but what must give way to that, which he till death will have for yee, who writes himself

Prince Soliman.

Marama undertook the delivery of this Letter, and judging well that *Abra* would refuse to receive it from her hands, she thought it the best way to call to her assistance Natural Curiosity. And therefore she made her a visit on purpose, and in the midst of a world of pleasant and divertising discourse, having found a way to slide the Billet under *Abra's* Toylet, so soon as she had done she withdrew, and left her to her self in hopes that the next day, by the effect of that Letter she might read in her Countenance whether her heart were engag'd or no.

In the mean time the Visir went to the *Kisler*, and shew'd him *Abra's* Letter; and press'd him with so much earnestness to procure him admittance in her Appartment, of which he was the Absolute Master, that at length in despite of all the Hazard which the Eunuch ran, after he had consider'd the most proper ways to put in Execution so perilous an Attempt, seeing the Visir had but little Beard, he carry'd him into his Cabinet, order'd him to rubb his face and hands with *Ethiopian* Blacking, and putting him in an Eunuchs Habit, he feign'd to make a private Visit in the Women's

mens Appartiments, and to that purpose demanded all the Lamps in the Galleries to be put out, and with a Dark-Lanthorn accompany'd only with the Visir in disguise, he made as if he lookt into other Appartiments in his way, and at length chopt into *Abra's*, who was just going to undress herself.

Though *Abra* might have some apprehension of the Truth, yet seeing the *Kisser* with a black Eunuch enter at such an unseasonable hour of the Night, her surprize not permitting her to recollect who the Black Eunuch should be, she thought at first that the Chief Minister of the Sultan's Pleasures had been come by his Order to fetch her away, and expose her to his Passion ; so that in the suddain Tumult which that surprize had rais'd in her heart, of which she was not then the Mistress, she swooned away in *Sarai's* Arms. ✓

They lay'd her upon the Bed ; and the *Kisser* commanding the rest of the Slaves to quit the Room, went to work together with the Visir to recover her out of her fainting fit, when *Sarai*, who held *Abra's* Head, and took the Visir for one of *Kisser's* Eunuchs, bid him fetch a Gold Bottle of Cordial water, that stood upon the Dressing Table ; which the Visir readily did, and at the same time seeing a Billet lying by the Bottle, slip it into his Bosom. After this *Abra* recover'd her Spirits, and the *Kisser* understanding the Reason of her swooning gave her to understand in two words how much she was

deceiv'd; and then discovering to her who the person was in a habit that so ill became him, he retir'd with *Sarai*, to the farther end of the Room, that the two Lovers might have the more liberty to entertain each other.

How did they powre forth their Hearts to one another! What Reciprocal Tendernesses! What Assurances of Fidelity! What Tortures of Minds to contrive which way to arrive at that happy Union which equally they Both desir'd. At length after a thousand Oaths and Protestations to love each other till death, and Measures taken to prevent her appearing at the Sultanesse's Feast, the *Kisler* admonish'd 'em, that without extraordinary danger they could not stay any longer.

The Visir delay'd as long as possibly he could the cruel moment of their Separation, but at length taking both *Abra's* hands, and fixing his Lips upon 'em he took his leave of her and departed. The *Kisler* carry'd him back to his Lodging, he quitted his Disguise, embrac'd the *Kisler*, and retir'd to his own Home.

But under what a strange surprize was the astonish'd Lover, when opening the Billet which he found upon *Abra's* Toylet, he found that it came from Prince *Soliman*; that he was not only in love with *Abra*, but that he had seen her, that he had wrought himself into such a Confidence with her as to send her Letters, and that which seem'd more Cruel to him was, that *Abra* had told him no thing of it; so that her Silence ap-
pear'd

pear'd to him a Myſtery that created in him a moſt furious Jealouſy.

He read the Letter over and over again, and tho' it plainly ſhew'd him that *Abra* had never Correſponded with his Rival's Paſſion, nevertheleſs, in regard the Prince had an outward Merit which was taking, that it was certain he had ſeen her, he attributed that which was only an effect of prudence to the wavering of a ſhaken Heart.

Is this, ſaid he, in a terrible Agony of mind, is this the fidelity which the Ingrateful has ſworn to me with ſo many Oaths! If her heart be ſo impenetrable to the Paſſion of this Prince, why did ſhe not let me know it! At thoſe words, whatever the fury of jealouſy could ſuggeſt to a miſtruſtful Love, and which believ'd it ſelf to be offended crouded into his thoughts: And he was about to have ruin'd his Rival by revealing his attempt to the Sultan. But beſides that it was his Intereſt to conceal *Abra* from him, he had a heart too Great and Generous to do any thing that was baſe and treacherous. To Impart it to the *Kiſſer*, was to create a moſt terrible Confuſion in the *Serraglio*, and in all the *Ottoman* Family; and to diſſemble his Reſentment with *Abra*, was to favour the Projects and Contrivances of his Rival; to make known his jealouſy to her, was to charge her with a piece of Infidelity of which perhaps ſhe might not be guilty; and to accuſe himſelf of a Curioſity, no leſs indiſcreet then Inconſiderate. At laſt all
theſe

these Irresolutions ended in sending to the *Kisler* to let *Sarai* have the Liberi to wait upon him.

Marama, who had a vigilant eye upon every thing that past in the *Muscovites* Appartement, knew that the *Kisler* had been there, and not doubting but it was to prepare her to see the Sultan, she was alarum'd for the Princes sake, and restless to know the fate of her Billet she went the next morning to *Abra's* Appartement. At what time the secret which she imparted to her of the *Kisler's* Visit, confirm'd her the more in her first Conjectures; and for her better satisfaction, she cunningly dropt into a discourse about Prince *Soliman*, but finding that *Abra* return'd her no Answer, by which she could apprehend that she had ever seen his Letter, she presently began to think, that it might have lit into the *Kisler's* hands.

The Dread of this, constrain'd her to open her mind to *Abra*, and frankly to ask her whether she had seen what *Soliman* had wrote to her. *Abra*, surpriz'd, and falling into the same Dread, blush'd and lookt pale, both at the same time; and having assur'd *Marama* that she never saw any thing, the Billet was sought for up and down to no purpose, so that the Prince's Wittie Procuress being quite overcome with her feares and Grief could not refrain from sending forth a loud Cry, and looking upon *Abra* with an Eye of Consternation, Ah, Madam said she, Prince *Soliman* is sacrific'd to *Mahomet's* fury, the
Kisler,

Kisler, of whom you say not a word to me, and who came that night to your Apartment to prepare you for the Passion of his Master, has the Letter without doubt, if you conceal your self from my Sincerity, you are agreed with the Sultan, and *Soliman* is ruin'd ; but if the *Kisler* has got the Letter, and you know nothing of it, you are also ruin'd as well as the Prince.

You do me wrong, said *Abra*, I am not guilty of betraying the Prince, since you know that my silence bury'd the dangerous attempt he made to see me. As for the *Kisler's* visit, It hought my self not bound to give any Body an account of it ; I have no Correspondence with the Sultan ; and therefore if I am ruin'd, and the Prince too, by the surprize of his Letter, he must impute it to the imprudence of the Person that ventur'd it. But let happen what will, you will do me a kindness, to dissuade the Prince to desist the putting of me to any farther trouble to no purpose.

Abra and *Marama* were under equal Agitations of mind, but the one and the other being perswaded that the Letter had lit into the *Kisler's* hands, they expected some terrible disorder about it. The rest of their Discourse was no way divertizing ; and the Passion she saw *Abra* in, besides those other Anxieties that were plainly perceptible in her Visage, caus'd the other presently to imagin, that since the *Kisler Agasi's* Visit was not upon the Sultan's Account, he was setting

setting some other Important Engin of Love at Work, which render'd *Abra* so inaccessible to the Prince.

She retir'd therefore, but with a Resolution to watch all *Abra's* Motions so narrowly, that it should be impossible for her not to discover the Correspondence. *Abra*, on the other side, having call'd *Sarai* to her, gave her a full account of all her grievances; she inform'd her of Prince *Soliman's* Passion which her prudence had conceal'd from her, and lay'd open to her her Disquiet for the loss of the Billet. But at the same time that these discourses put 'em into most dreadful Agonies, their terrors were yet more augmented by the Arrival of a Black Eunuch, who brought *Sarai* an Order from the *Kisler*, to attend him at his Appartment.

This was only to send her privately to the Visir, who stay'd for her, and no sooner saw her, but casting a look full of Fire and Indignation upon her; Very well *Sarai*, said he, you are then in a confederacy with *Abra* to betray me. Prince *Soliman* is in Love with her, he Visits her, he writes to her, and you from whom I expect an Account of all these things, you see me at her Appartment, and conceal this Infidelity from me.

Sarai answer'd the Visir with all the prudence and Modesty that such a nice Justification requir'd: But when *Sarai*, going about to clear *Abra*, assur'd him, that out of her singular discretion, she never had made known to her the Ad-
dresses

dresses of Prince *Soliman*, till she came to be
 disturb'd for the loss of the Billet. How! cruel
Sarai, said the Visir, what is that thou tell'st me?
 Did *Abra* conceal from thee the Prince's love?
 Had not that Love made some Impression in her
 heart, would she have ever conceal'd it from
 thee? *Abra* does not yet perhaps correspond
 with the Prince's Affection, but who can assure
 me she will not yield at last, since she is so wil-
 ling to carry it on at the beginning; who shall
 assure me that her heart does not already begin
 to waver, since her Silence tells my jealousy
 what ever I can prognosticate of most Funest and
 fatal to me?

Sarai left nothing omitted that lay in her pow-
 er to calm a mind that she saw turmoyl'd with
 all that the most restless Suspicions, and the most
 piercing Pains have in 'em of tumultuous and tem-
 pestuous. However 'twas impossible, upon the
 first sight, to reduce him to a perfect Tran-
 quility. Nevertheless she left him in a Condi-
 tion, so as to wish that he might be absolutely
 convinc'd of *Abra's* Innocence: He told her,
 'twas he himself who had lit upon the Letter,
 that the *Kisler* knew nothing of it; and that he
 was so generous, that tho' he were betray'd, he
 would not for the satisfaction of his Revenge,
 make a base and treacherous use of what his
 Curiosity, perhaps too Indiscreet, had put into
 his hands.

Abra

Abra was under Mortal fears, when *Sarai* return'd and came to give her an Accompt of what the *Visir* had said. But she was almost at her wits end that he had lit upon *Seliman's* Letter. So that whatever danger would have befallen the Prince or Her, had the *Kisler* found the Letter, she would have been more contented rather to have perish'd, then to have given her Lover any Ground for those Suspicions he had of her.

Her Grief and Vexation for this Accident caus'd such a Commotion in her Veins, as cast her into a Violent fever; so that she took her Bed, nor would she suffer *Sarai* to stir from the Bed side, to the end she might be some Consolation of her Pains, by sharing with her in her Tears.

In the mean time night was come; and *Marama* with a wonderful Exactness had a watchful Eye upon every thing that pass'd in the *Muscovites* Appartment, and in regard she durst not confide in any Body but herself, but yet avoyded all discovery, she took the Habit of one of her Slaves, and sat upon a Bench not above two or three Paces from *Abra's* Door.

The Lamps were not as yet lighted in the Galleries of the Serraglio, and it began already to be so dark, that there was no distinguishing colours, when she saw an Eunuch, who stopping about ten paces from her, clapt with one of his hands upon the other. *Marama*, who made no question but this was some concerted Signal,
did

did the same; and at the same time the Euntuch coming up to her, Who's there, said he, *Sobema*? Yes, said *Marama*. Here then, reply'd the Euntuch, carry this Letter to *Sarai*, and at the same time putting the Billet into her Hands, he vanish'd. On the other side, *Marama* return'd to her Appartment, and opening the Letter read the following lines.

The Onely One to the Faithless One

COULD I have thought it possible that I should ever have given you this Name! The more I seek for Terms proper to Express the Excess of my Grief, the fewer can I meet with; and the more I desire to excuse the Infidelity, the less I find you Innocent. 'Tis not the Quality of my Rival that terrifies me, 'tis the little assurance I have of your heart, since you have seen Prince Soliman, and that you have conceal'd from me, Your Love, your Interview, and his Letter. You will be offended perhaps at my presumption, in taking it off your Toylet, but all things are lawful for a Love so violent and jealous as mine. Would to God you were as Innocent as *Sarai* would make me believe. She will give yee an Accompt of my discretion, and thence you may judge, that what ever wounds you give my heart, I shall never cease to love yee.

Marama did not know the Visir's hand; but discovering by the Letter, that *Abra* was in Love, and that she was belov'd, and that that same Lover had been introduc'd into her Appartment
by

by the *Kisser* himself, she rightly judg'd that it must needs be a person of the Highest Quality.

She could not inform Prince *Soliman* that evening of an Adventure that so nearly concern'd him ; but the next Morning she fail'd not to be with him. But it was a double Astonishment to him to understand that he had a Rival, whose Credit extended so far as to give him Admission into the *Serraglio* ; and that it was in the power of that Rival, having his Letter, to incense the Sultan to his Ruin.

A thousand different thoughts presented themselves all at once to his mind ; but none but onely such as appear'd no less Terrible to threaten his Life then his Love. He knew not the Visir's hand, but *Mustapha Cuproli*, who arriv'd about two days before from *Cbio*, of which Island, and of the rest of the *Archipelago*, he was *Basha*, being come to pay him a Visit, He shew'd him some lines of the Letter, and ask'd him whether he knew the Hand. As well as my own, reply'd *Cuproli*, 'tis the Visir *Soliman's*: Nor can any Body know it better, because he was *Kiaia* to my Brother *Cuproli Oglen*, when he was Visir ; and for that at that time I had great Correspondencies with him.

The Knowledge of his Rival's Quality redoubled Prince *Soliman's* Vexation, and his Grief with all. *Cuproli* was Witty, Ambitious, Bold Intreaguings, Undaunted, a great Captain, and *Soliman's* Intimate Friend. He had marry'd
his

his Sister to *Siaous Basha*, General of the *Spahi's*; and in regard that *Cuprolis* had been the Son and Brother of two *Visirs*, nothing could beat it out of his Head but that that same preferment was due to him; nor was there any one who was advanc'd to that Dignity, but he became his Mortal Enemy at the same time, and whose downfal he did not wish in hopes of having his Turn.

These Ambitious thoughts he never conceal'd from *Soliman*, and the Prince was so far from condemning 'em, that he flatter'd 'em, and assisted him under hand, in hopes that if *Cuprolis* should obtain the Chief Ministry of the Empire, he might prove a favourable Support to his Affairs.

With a mind thus dispos'd and inflam'd with jealousy against the Grand *Visir*, he carry'd *Cuprolis* into his Closet, and shutting himself up alone with him, Do you love me so well *Cuprolis*, said He, as that I may relye upon your Fidelity? There is nothing, answer'd *Cuprolis*, that I would not undertake, to assure yee that I am less my own then I am yours. The Sultan has made choice of a *Visir*, reply'd the Prince, and Favour only has exalted *Basha Soliman* to a Dignity which is your Due; he is the most Intimate of my Brother's Favourites; but he hates me, and my life is not safe so long as he Governs the Empire; we must find out a way to ruin him in the good Opinion of the Sultan, and that the Dignity wherewith he has honour'd him,

may prove as fatal to him, as to those that preceded him. Unite you Friends, and *Siaous's*, to the end they may concur in a Design, which will secure me from a Death which otherwise I certainly foresee, and which will remove the Obstacle to the Fortune you deserve.

What you say, reply'd *Cuprolis*, is conformable to the Inclinations of my heart; but 'tis no easy thing to bring this Enterprize to pass: nor is there any way to succeed in it, but by Contrivances manag'd at a distance. So soon as I have founded *Siaous*, Ile give ye an Accompt what Course is to be follow'd.

Soliman thought it sufficient to incense *Cuprolis* with the consideration of his fortune, and the concern he had for the Life of a Prince his friend; and that there was no need of imparting to him the secret of his Amour, which would have only serv'd to have render'd his Proposals more suspected, as proceeding more from Interest.

Cuprolis conferr'd with *Siaous*, and they both concluded, that 'twas not possible directly to attack the Vizir by any open Attempts, to exclude him from the Grand Seignior's Affection; for he lov'd him too well, and therefore that would be to ruin themselves; but that it belov'd 'em so to order it, during the whole Campaign, as to frustrate all his Designs, and to render all his Undertakings so successless, that his Misfortunes might work him into Disgrace.

That

That every thing seem'd to favour 'em in this Contrivance, seeing the Visir had propos'd *Cuprolis* to Command the Armies in *Hungary*; for which reason it was that *Mabomet* had sent for him from *Cbio*; and that for his part he could not be dispens'd with, because he Commanded all the *Spahi's*, which render'd him absolute Arbitrator of the success of all such Battels as should happen to be fought.

Things being thus resolv'd between *Siaous* and *Cuprolis*, and the time for entering into the Field approaching, the Sultan hasten'd, and indeed anticipated the Departure of the Visir, and oblig'd him to be with all speed at *Belgrade*, that he might issue forth all requisite Orders for drawing the Army together.

In the mean time the Fever that seiz'd *Abra* prov'd to be of long continuance and dangerous. The Visir also, not having receiv'd any Answer of the Letter which he had written, began more and more to suspect the worst: He was therefore desirous to be better satisfy'd by *Sarai*, who inform'd him, that never any such Billet was brought to *Abra's* Appartment. Upon that the Eunuch was sent for, who affirm'd that he gave it to *Sobema*; but *Sobema* denying the matter, it was judg'd that the Letter had been intercepted, and *Sarai* charg'd *Marama* with the Treachery. But because the Visir would not that the *Kisler* should be inform'd of *Soliman's* being in Love with *Abra*, for fear it should come to the Sultan's Ear, he thought it suffici-

ent to obtain that Favour from the Master of the Eunuchs, that *Marama* should be remov'd to an Appartment out of the way.

The *Kisser* also did him the kindness to introduce him a second time into *Abra's* chamber disguis'd in a Physician's habit, to the end he might obtain his satisfaction from her self; which absolutely dissipated all his Jealousies, and which much more conduc'd to the Recovery of her Health, then if he had been a real Artist.

'Twas the next day after he had receiv'd this Satisfaction that the Sultan Commanded him to depart for *Belgrade*, and to draw together the most powerful Army that possibly he could to oppose the Enemies Designs and Resolutions, as Fame had given it out, to besiege *Buda*.

'Tis well known that the *Visir* did all he could to perswade the Sultan to go in Person into *Hungary*, and take upon him the Command of the Army; insomuch that 'twas the wonder of the whole Port, that he should desire the presence of a Person, who would but lessen and ecclipse his Power. But it was the effect of Jealousy and his fear, lest *Mahomet*, during his Absence, should happen to cast his Eyes upon *Abra*, the Consequences of which might prove fatal to his Love. Whereas the Sultan carrying his Brothers along with him, it would have deliver'd him from that disquiet which Prince *Soliman's* Passion caus'd within him.

But

But *Mahomet* thought it not convenient to hazard his Person, considering the Condition of his Affairs. So that the *Visir* being oblig'd to a hasty departure, could not have the pleasure of bidding his dear *Muscovite* farewell, and therefore instead of taking his personal leave, he was forc'd to content himself with writing the following Letter to pay her that Homage.

SOLIMAN *Visir* to his
Dear ABRA.

A Hasty Order forces my Departure, and I am going to endeavour to render my self as worthy of your Esteem, as I am perswaded of your Love. How tedious does this Campaign seem to me already, and with what Unwillingness should I act, did I not know that you would Love me less, if I had less a Love for Honour: If you keep your word, no Rival will be the better for my Absence. Afford me the Consolation of frequent understanding the Condition of your Heart, and be assur'd, that nothing shall ever abate the Love of

Soliman *Visir*.

The care for the safe delivery of this Letter, was the last which he took at *Adrianople* ; and being thus departed in order perform his Duty, within a few days after the Sultan remov'd to *Constantinople*, with his two Brothers, and all the Train of his Serraglio.

The End of the First Part.

Abra-Mule` :

OR, THE

H I S T O R Y

Of the Deposition of

MAHOMET IV.

EMPEROR of the

T U R K S.

The Second Part.

THE Vizir march'd long marches directly to *Belgrade*, and the farther his Marches remov'd him from her, the more he felt his heart oppress'd with the burthen of his sighs. What ever Confidence he had in the Assurances that *Abra* had giv'n him of an inviolable

lable Fidelity, Prince *Soliman's* Love gall'd him, and the great difficulty always to conceal that Beauty from the Sultan's Eyes made his Love tremble.

On the other side Prince *Soliman*, whose Passion was no less violent then unfortunate, found himself o'rewhelm'd with an infinite number of threatening Difficulties : He saw that *Abra's* heart was no way touch'd with his Love, that it was prepossess'd with the Merits of a belov'd Rival ; that this Rival was in great Power, and the Favourite of a distrustful Brother, and that the *Kisser* was deep in his Intreague, that *Marama* was become suspected, and for that reason all access to the fair *Muscovite* was forbid her ; that the Resolutions of *Siacus* and *Cupoli* would perhaps become useles to him through the tediousness of Execution, that *Mahomet* might fall in Love with *Abra*, and in the midst of these Reflexions he saw nothing but grounds of Fear and Dispair.

'Twas at the beginning of *May* that *Mahomet*, with all his Court, arriv'd within sight of *Constantineple*. The weather was the most lovely in the world, and the *Bostangi Basha* had taken care to dress up the pleasant Gardens of the *Serraglio*, and set 'em out with all the Beauty and Politeness that their Master could desire.

The Prospect of these Gardens is wonderful to those that come to *Constantineple* by Water ; more especially that same admirable Terrass, which

which *Achmet* caus'd to be rais'd for a Walk for the Sultaneſſes, and which ſurpaſſes all the magnificence that can be imagin'd, enchanting the Eyes with the ſight of it. To devertiſe himſelf with ſo 'delicious a Proſpect, *Mahomet* having lain by the Sea ſide about three Leagues from *Conſtantinople*, embark'd together with the Sultaneſs *Aſſeki*, in a light Saique, magnificently adorn'd, and ſteer'd by the *Beſtangi Baſha*. The reſt of the Women, and Perſons belonging to the Court, were diſtributed into ſmaller, but very neat Barges. And thus the floating and magnificent Court row'd toward the Haven which is form'd by a little Bay, made in the likenes of a Canal, at the foot of the *Seraglio*.

They were juſt entring into it, when a terrible Tempeſt riſing of a ſuddain caus'd ſo great a Diſorder among the Barges, and made ſuch a confuſion, that there was no longer any Order to be obſerv'd. The Sultan's Bark put in fiſt, and ſet him a ſnoar, while the reſt confuſedly croud- ing together fell foul one upon another, and one of them which carry'd the Women had the miſfortune to over-ſet. As for the Seamen they took care for no Body but themſelves, leaving the Women to periſh. When Prince *Seli- man*, who was in the next Bark to that which had miſcarried, not only encourag'd the Seamen with large promiſes of Reward, to ſuccour the poor Women in diſtreſs, but to enliven 'em by his Example, threw himſelf into the Water and
luckily

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luckily

luckily took one by the Hair, as she was just going to sink, and recovering his own Bark, by the help of his slaves, got her out of the danger.

The Disorder which this unexpected Accident had caus'd, the motion of the Waves, the darkness of the gloomy Weather, would not permit the Prince to know at first the Person to whom he had lent his Assistance. But how strangely astonish'd, How over-joy'd! when he understood, that but for him the fair *Abra* had been swallow'd up by the merciless Waves. She was fallen into a Swoond, and whatever they could do, she did not recover her Senses till the Prince was landed, and had got her ashoar.

Then it was that she open'd her Eyes, and calling to mind what had befallen her, her first care was to ask for her dear *Sarai*: The Seamen had had the good luck to save her, and the greatest part of the rest; but *Sarai* who thought *Abra* lost, was fall'n into fainting Fits, from which she could not recover: However there was a necessity of carrying her to her Mistress let her Condition be what it would, in regard that nothing but her own Eyes could assure her of the Life of so dear a Confident. It would have been Imprudence for *Soliman* to have troubl'd her with his Love, considering the condition she was in, and therefore he thought it sufficient not to quit her till he had caus'd her, together with *Sarai*, to be carry'd into one of the

the *Bostangi's* Lodgings, which was opposite to the nearest Gate ; from whence the *Kisler Agasi*, who was inform'd of the Accident, took care to have her remov'd to the Appartment which he had appointed for her.

This Adventure, which one would have thought should have been favourable to *Soliman* begate him new Vexations, because that what ever care the *Kisler* took to stifle the noise of it, the *Bostangi*, to whose Lodging she was first brought, inform'd the *Bostangi Bachi*, and gave him a wonderful description of the *Muscovite's* Beauty, whose Name the Sultan had hardly heard of, that that same great Officer, who was deeply concern'd in his Master's pleasures, was not only contented to give him a Relation of the Accident, but aggravated with so much Vehemency what he had heard, that the Sultan the same Evening demanded an Account of her from the *Kisler Agasi*.

The Eunuch, who saw himself upon the brink of the fatal Moment which he had always dreaded, and who kept himself prepar'd for all Accidents, answer'd the Sultan, without lessening or magnifying the Sultan's beauty, that she kept her Bed, in so weak a Condition, and brought so low, by the Terror of the Affright into which the danger she had escap'd had cast her, that he knew not whether she would live or no; that nothing but Rest for some time could recover her, and that so soon as she should be in a Condition to enjoy the Honour of appearing
before

before his Highness. he would not fail to come and receive his Orders, and yeild him Obedience. The Sultan being satisfied with the *Kisler's* Answer, commanded him to take particular care of her, added two thousand Aspers a day to her former Allowance, and Order'd his chief Physician *Sedekias*, a Jew, to visit her, and give him an Account of her.

The *Kisler Agasi* having warded off this first Blow had the leisure to see *Abra*, as he did forthwith, under pretence to give her notice of the Sultan's Generosity, but indeed to consult together what Methods were requisite to make her self appear to *Sedekias* more sick then she was, and to drill out a counterfeited Distemper, till they could think of some other Intreague to fend off the Blow: And in the mean time he wrote to the Visir, and gave him a full Account of the Accident, with all its Circumstances.

'Twas no hard matter to amuse the Sultan for above a Month, and till he receiv'd the News, that the Siege of *Buda* was fully resolv'd upon in a Council of War which the Emperor held at *Neustadt*, and that Prince *Charles*, and the Elector of *Bavaria*, were upon their march at the head of Fourscore Thousand Men, in order to sit down before the place: That the Governour of the Town, who was a resolute Renegado, had already burnt *Pest*, that he might have nothing else to do, but to mind the Defence of *Buda*, and that there was nothing wanting for a vigorous resistance.

The

The Emperor's Attempt upon that Place, which had prov'd unsuccessful two Years before, the new Fortifications of the Town, the numerous Garrison, the vast Stores of Ammunition and Provision, and the Confidence he had in the Valour of Visir *Soliman*, who was able to draw together above a hundred Thousand Men to relieve it; all these things were great Assurances to set the Sultan's Heart at rest, and made him give himself up to his Pleasures with as much security, as if he had been reposing in the Arms of a profound Peace. Therefore in regard he daily press'd the *Kisler* to hasten the the pleasure which he expected from the *Muscovite*, and it being impossible any longer to gain a continuation of the Sickness, the Eunuch, who found he could no longer delay the presenting her before the Sultan, thought it high time to awaken the Jealousy of the Sultaneß *Ajsheki*, so that she being privately made acquainted with the Diversion that was preparing to interrupt her Pleasures, all Engins might be set at work to thwart the new Desires that now inflam'd the lustful *Mahomet*.

In the mean time, *Soliman*, who flatter'd himself that so considerable a piece of Service as he had done the *Muscovite*, deserv'd a favourable Acknowledgment of his Love, burn'd with impatience to give her a Visit: But the familiarity which *Marama* had with her was broken off, and all that she could learn by means of her Slaves was this, that a long Ague had attended

ded the Accident that befell her, and that she kept her Bed very much, so that there was no coming at her, and all that the crafty Procurers could agitate by her Artifices was to corrupt one of *Abra's* slaves, and engage her to slide a Letter into her Mistresses hands, yet so as that she should not discover by what hand it came. This *Marama* make known to *Soliman*, who unwilling to lose the Opportunity, put Pen to Paper, and gave the Billet to his Confident.

The Slave whom she had won, and well instructed, discharged her Trust with so much dexterity, that *Abra* found the Billet in her Bosom, not knowing who had been so bold as to put it there, and not able to withstand her Curiosity, she open'd it, and read the following Lines.

Prince

Prince Soliman to the Divine Abra.

A Lover whose Happiness it was to wrest you from the Jaws of Death, labours under most mortal disquiets, because he can bear nothing of a life more precious to him then his own. What fatal destiny so orders it, Divine Abra, that you are as invisible to my Eyes, as your heart is impenetrable to my Love. How happy is the Visir, Madam, and how do I envy the good Fortune of my Rival ! He enjoys you, though never so remote, while I am only near you, to feel with so much the more grief the weight of your insensibility. Nevertheless, I adore yee, as little Compassion, as you have upon the Pains which you cause me to suffer ; and how severe soever you are, you only shall possess a Heart which will ever be at your Devotion, while lives.

Prince Soliman.

Abra ow'd her life to the Prince, and nothing griev'd her more then that she was beholding to him ; seeing that her heart being absolutely the Visir's, she could not pay to his Rival all that acknowledgment which he expected for so great a piece a Service. Her acknowledgment there-

therefore went no farther, then only to pity him for throwing away his Affection upon an object that could not admit it. But after she had read a second time that part of the Letter which gave her to understand that the Visir being in love with her, was not unknown to the Prince, it struck her with a more then extraordinary Grief; and not doubting but it was the letter which had been intercepted in the Gallery, the consideration of that insus'd into her a Detestation of such a paltry Trick, and that Detestation of the fact, soon turn'd to a hatred of the Person; for that being perswaded that since the Visir and he both knew themselves to be Rivals, they could not but hate each other, her heart never waver'd which side to take. So that *Soliman's* Billet was so far from moving *Abra's* heart, that it did but inspire her with hatred, which tell then she never had for the Prince, and that she might not undergoe the same Reproaches which the Visir had made her upon her first silence, the first time she wrote she sacrific'd to his view this Letter from her Rival.

This was the Posture of Affairs at *Constantinople*, while other intreagues were in Agitation at *Belgrade*. *Siacus* and *Cuproli Basha's*, who were the most signaliz'd for their Valour and Conduct, had as I have already said, devoted themselves to serve Prince *Soliman's* Passion by the ruin of the Visir. Finding therefore that *Buda* was besieg'd, and that the Visir had given out Orders

ders for the drawing together a numerous Army, with a design to relieve the place, they resolv'd by all manner of Artifices to prevent the succour of it, and rather so to order it that the Visir should lose a Battel, then have the Honour of saving it; not questioning but a loss of that importance would be attended with the Downfall, and perhaps the Death of that Minister. Nevertheless the better to conceal their correspondence, and not to endanger both their Heads, at one time, in the hazards which this conspiracy might produce, they thought it convenient that *Siaous*, who had a great Reputation among the Soldiers should remain in the Army, and that *Cuproli*, who had accepted the command of the *Dardanells*, which is an Employment of great Trust, should keep his post there, where he might so much the more effectually make use of his power to detain or divert the Succor and Subsistence of the Armies. On the other side, Prince *Charles of Lorrain*, being desirous to take all the precautions imaginable that might conduce toward the success of his Enterprize, thought it convenient that *Michael Abassi*, Prince of *Transilvania*, should be constrain'd to declare himself for the Emperor, to the end the *Turks* might be depriv'd of the substances which they drew from him as their Tributary; and to the end, that at the same time they might act in the Upper *Hungary*, and by keeping *Teckly* in play, prevent his joining the *Ottoman Army*.

The Visir, who forsook the consequence of these two designs, did two things in hopes to disappoint 'em. In the first place he order'd *Sultan Galga* and the *Basha*, with all speed to unite their forces with *Tekeli's*, in order to make a powerful diversion in the Upper *Hungary*, and at the same time to defend the Passes of *Transilvania*.

Siaous began the Execution of his Conspiracy, with his thwarting the prudent contrivances of the Visir, and having at the same time engag'd the *Basha* of *Walachia* in his intregue, 'twas no hard matter for the *Imperialists* to beat the *Ottoman* Troops that shew'd themselves upon the frontiers of *Transilvania*. They made themselves masters of *Hermansbourg*, forc'd *Abassi* to break with the *Turks*, and reinforc'd with his Troops, fell upon the *Tartars*, forsaken by the *Basha* of *Walachia*, so that by this first blow of *Siaous's* intreaguing Treachery, the Visir found himself at the beginning of the Campaign, depriv'd of that subsistence he was wont to have out of *Transilvania*, and upon which he rely'd; and at the same time bereft of that Advantage which he expected from his projected Diversion in *Hungary*.

Prince *Charles* lay'd Siege to *Buda* with Forty Thousand Foot, and Twenty Thousand Horse, Sixty great Pieces of Cannon, and forty Mortars; and *Abdi Basha*, the Renegado, left nothing omitted that a prudent, undaunted, and accomplish'd Governour could do for the preservation of a place

place that was furnish with a Garrison of Ten Thousand Men, and all things necessary for a long defence.

On the other side, the Trenches and Attacks were carry'd on with all the Vigour and all the Art imaginable; the Sallies were frequent and terrible, and it cost the *Germans* a world of Blood, before they got to the body of the place.

In the mean time the Grand Visir gave out Orders every way for the rendezvousing an Army sufficient to raise the Siege, and mauger all the secret Obstacles that he met with, but of which he knew not the reason, having muster'd together an Army which he thought sufficient to decide the fortune of *Buda* by a Battle, he cross'd the *Theysse*. But they still founder'd his purposes with so many new oppositions, that he was no sooner got over the Bridge of *Esseck*, toward the end of *July*, but *Buda*, after a close Siege of six weeks, began to be very much distressed.

Nevertheless he surmounted all these difficulties, and about the beginning of *August* advanc'd within five Leagues of the Lines, and encamp'd upon the rising Grounds adjoining to the *Danaw*. Now in regard that *Abdi Bosha* had sent intelligence, that his frequent Sallies had extremely weaken'd his Garrison, and promis'd him to hold out all the rest of the Campaign, provided he might be reinforc'd with fresh supplies of Men, the Visir commanded the *Seraskier* to force his way, and put in a Relief of two Thousand *Janisaries*.

To this purpose the *Seraskier* set forward with six Thousand Foot and three Thousand *Spahi's*, which made up a body to defend the two Thousand *Fanisaries*. Their intention was to force the *Imperialist's* Quarter, while *Adbi* made a Sally upon the *Barbarians*, and by that means to throw in two Thousand men into the Town. But *Siaous* having found a way, by means of a Deserter, to inform Prince *Charles* of all these designs, he sent forth a numerous Body to meet the Enemy without the Lines. The Combat was smart and cruel; the number of the slain on both sides was very great; the *Turks* no sooner broken, but rally'd again, and perhaps they would have forc'd their passage, if the *Spahi's*, whose Officers observ'd the private motions of *Siaous*, had not forsake the *Fanisaries*; so that the Infantry being alone and attack'd on every side, could no longer defend themselves against fresh Troops that pour'd in upon 'em, and the Visir not being able to come to a general Decision, among the Mountains where his Enemies lay entrenched, the *Seraskier* was routed, his Infantry broken, almost all the *Fanisaries* slain, not one being able to get into the place.

The Visir enrag'd at this Repulse, and desirous to put all to the venture in order to force the Enemies lines, call'd a Council of War; where *Siaous*, who cunningly carry'd on his In-reague, feign'd at first to applaud the Visir's Resolution, and threw upon the *Seraskier* all the
the

the blame of the success; but then his own Creatures which he had ready prepar'd starting contrary Sentiments, supported by reasons that appear'd extremely plausible, he turn'd o' their side, and drew the rest of the Officers after him. Nevertheless, in despite of their Advice, the Visir would follow his own judgment, and got every thing in a readiness to fall upon the Enemy next Morning. But then *Siaous* rais'd a kind of Sedition among the *Spahi's*, so that the Visir fearing to be set upon himself in the heat of the Tumult, pull'd down his Tents and remov'd three Leagues farther.

He thought by this means to have calm'd their Fury, and proposing the same thing a second time, he saw 'twas impossible to overcome the resistance of the *Basha's*. So that all he could do, in the height of his Vexation was, to pull thirty Thousand Ducats out of a little Chest, and tell 'em to two Thousand *Janisaries*, who for the sake of that sum, promis'd to lose their lives every man, or to get into the Town.

They march'd in the Night time, seconded by a part of the Army, and fell upon the Quarter of the *Brandenburghs* and *Croates* with so much fury, that they made all give ground before 'em, and had not the vigilance of Prince *Charles* put a stop to it, the Succour had infallibly cut their way through; but he having drawn up his whole Army in Battallia, after a bloody slaughter, the *Turks* were repuls'd, by reason that eight thousand *Spahi's* refus'd to

obey the Visir's Orders; so that of two Thousand there were not above four Hundred *Janisaries* that could force their way over the bodies of the slain into the Town, the rest being all devour'd by the Sword.

But this Disobedience of the *Spahi's* remain'd not unpunish'd; for the Visir having caus'd some of the most Mutinous to be emplac'd, he call'd another Council, and told 'em, that he did not call 'em to deliberate, but to shew 'em the Sul-tan's Order, which was, rather to venture all then lose *Buda*; and that a *Moer* having swam the River had brought him Letters from *Abdi* to let him know that he could hold out but a very few days longer.

Having dismiss'd this Council, he caus'd his Army to march, and reapproach'd the Lines, and having drawn up his Army in Battallia, ready to fall on, he detach'd a thousand *Spahi's*, two thousand *Janisaries*, and two thousand *Tartars* to begin a false attaque on the *Imperialists* side, while he fell upon the *Bavarians* Quarter with the body of the Army.

Prince *Charles*, being well inform'd of the Visir's design, display'd his Courage, his Wisdom and Experience to a Miracle. The false attack was so violent, and the medley so hot, that the Prince had his Camp Adjutant slain close by him; the besieged also made a vigorous Sally. But Prince *Charles* had order'd every thing with so much prudence and fore-sight, that the *Turks* were repuls'd with great loss, at the same time
that

that they who began the false attack were beaten and dispers'd. So that the Visir, who at that very moment was about to have fallen upon the *Bavarians*, found such a Pannick fear among his men, because they saw the Count of *Schaffenberg's* Volant Camp pass the *Danaw* Bridge, that 'was impossible for him to command the Obedience of the Soldiers; insomuch that he was constrain'd to retire without making any farther attempt.

This last Blow put him into a Fury, and therefore discovering that the two *Basbas* who commanded the false attack, had not done their duty, he commanded their Heads to be struck off, and to repair his losses, he sent to an *Aga*, who commanded six thousand *Janisaries* at *Esseck*, to joyn him with all speed; and to other *Basba's* he sent Orders to spare him what men they could.

But while he was preparing for new Efforts, Prince *Charles*, perceiving the Breaches open and level enough for a general Assault, he storm'd the Town in three several places; the Renegat *Abdi* was kill'd upon the Breach, and the place carry'd, and nothing escap'd the Sword of the victorious Soldiers, but what the generosity of the Princes could save from their Fury.

The Visir, at his Wits end for the loss of so important a place, retir'd under the Guns of *Esseck*, and there without passing the *Drave*, entrench'd himself. Prince *Charles* follow'd him, but could not force him to a Battel, which

would have been a vain thing against a victorious Army. Therefore he kept himself close in his Entrenchments, where he had the misfortune to receive the News of the loss of *Segeden*, and some other places of less consequence; but at length repassing the *Drave* in his return to *Belgrade*, the *Imperialists* burnt the Bridge of *Eseck*, and so ended the most glorious of all Prince *Charles's* Campaigns.

In the mean time the sad tidings of the loss of *Buda*, and other places, were carry'd to *Constantinople*; which wrought upon the People the full effect that Prince *Soliman*, *Siaous* and *Cuproli* desir'd. But the Visir was too well fix'd in the Sultan's favour, not to find him graciously inclin'd to hear his justifications; which was the only Consolation left him in the heap of his Afflictions; for that while he lay at *Belgrade*, he understood by Letters from the *Kisler*, that the Sultan had seen *Abra*, and that he was desperately in love with her; nevertheless, that the fair *Muscovite* was resolv'd to be constant to him, though *Mahomet* had order'd her to be remov'd into the *Serraglio* of *Calcedon*, call'd the *Serraglio* of Looking Glasses; however in regard the Sultan did not prosecute his Amours like a *Turk*, but as a courtly and generous Prince, he did not believe that *Mahomet* would seek to enjoy her against her will, but that he would make use of his Courtship to win her Affection.

Let us therefore leave the Visir a while at *Belgrade*, settling Affairs in the best method he could,
and

and making all the hast his business would permit to return and give the Sultan an Account of a Campaign, the ill success of which he was sure could not be imputed to his ill Conduct; and let us see how things were carry'd at *Constantinople* between *Abra*, *Mahomet* and *Soliman*.

The Sultan, who before he had seen the young *Muscovite*, but barely upon the relation of the *Bostangi Bachi*, had plac'd her by an augmentation of her Pension in the Rank of his Favourites, press'd the Killer to satisfy his amorous Impatience; so that the Eunuch after long delays, which tended only to give motion to the Jealousy of the Sultaness *Affeki*, could no longer defer fulfilling the Duty of his Employment; and therefore he told the Sultan that *Abra* being in perfect health was now in a Condition to appear, and that the next morning she would be walking upon the Sultanesses Terrass.

The Eunuch however was so crafty, that he would not permit any more then eight or ten to walk along with her, who being every one of 'em exquisite Beauties, he was in hopes that such a dazle might puzzle the Sultan's heart, and cause an amorous diversion. He also oblig'd 'em to add to their natural Charms whatever Artifice could procure, while *Abra*, who had no designs of conquest, appear'd with all the carelessness that modesty and decency would permit her.

How-

However he could not so order it, but that the Sultan found her much more affable then all the rest, who would have been much more willing to have answer'd his desires. After a turn upon the Terrass, which was only spent in general converse, and in expressing his surprize at the sight of so much Beauty, and his Astonishment that he had not seen nor taken notice of her at her first Entrance into the Serraglio; they walk'd down into the Garden of Fountains, where a noble Collation was prepar'd in a *Grotto*, adorn'd with Coral and Mother of Pearl, and wherein the Water sported after a thousand delightful manners. After this Entertainment, *Mabomet*, who had not till then apply'd himself particularly to the *Muscovite*, took her from the rest of the Women, who retyr'd, and leading her into a green Arbour, he declar'd to her those Motions, to which he imagin'd she would not have testify'd the least coynefs.

But he was strangely surpriz'd to find in her that coldness and indifferency, which he least expected; however he imputed it to that awe which the Majesty of a Sultan might imprint in her upon the first sight; and therefore being endu'd with a Noble and Courtly mind, he forbore to press her, in hopes that the pleasures he should receive from the hands of Love, would be infinitely more swcet then those for which he was beholding to his Power and Authority.

The next morning at the time that *Abra* rose, the Kissler attended by six Eunuchs enter'd her Chamber,

Chamber, and kneeling with one knee kiss'd a gold Box enrich'd with Diamonds, which he held between both his hands, and without speaking a Word set it upon her Toyler, and at the same time the six Eunuchs, who had every one a Basket of Gold Filagreene, with a Present in each, set down the six Baskets by *Abra*, and after a profound Bow retyr'd, leaving the Kisser alone with her. *Abra*, who understood well enough the meaning of all this Serraglio-Mummery, could not forbear weeping, and casting a sorrowful Eye upon the Kisser: Must it then be, dear *Agasi*, said she, must it then be, that this Evening my heart and the Visir's must receive their deaths wound from your hand.

I betray not, said the Kisser, neither your Love, nor the sincere friendship I have for the Vizir, I only discharge the indispensable Duty of my Employment, wherein if I should fail, I should disable my self from serving yee.

Ah, what service can you do me, cruel *Agasi*, reply'd *Abra*, when you have once deliver'd me over to the Sultan. As a slave, reply'd the Kisser, I owe my Obedience to the Sultan, and as a Friend my Service to the Visir, and I fulfill both these Duties, by telling you in favour of his Highness, that if Ambition could tempt yee, and that you could but conform to the Sultan's Love, there would be nothing wanting to the Grandeurs which he has design'd you. But if your Love be still more prevalent on your heart then these ambitious Prospects, I must tell you
also

also in his behalf, that you have no more to do but to persist in your Coldness for *Mabomet*: I know him: he loves to be beholding to his Merit and his Passion, and not to his Power, nor does his Presumption ever call violence to the succour of his lust, he will trye allways of persuasion to gain your affection, but he will never proceed to constraint; act according to these Instructions, and trust the best Friend the Visir has.

Ah, dear *Agasi*, reply'd *Abra*, you restore me to Life, and never doubt but I will rather lose it a Thousand times then prove unfaithful to your Friend. I must also acknowledge to you, that since I have heard what you have said to me, 'tis something of a Pleasure to me to see my self belov'd by the Sultan, because it afford's me a pleasing Opportunity to sacrifice to the Visir all *Mabomet's* Grandeur. May nothing Extinguish so noble a flame, reply'd the Kisser; but it will be necessary, Madam, added he, that you read the Sultan's Letter, and that I carry him your Answer. 'Tis in that Box. *Abra* open'd the Box; and found a Letter Written in Purple Characters upon White Taffata, Embroider'd with Gold, and folded up in a Handkercher of most Delicate Workmanship, where after she had open'd it, she read the following Expressions.

Sultan

*Sultan Mahomet To the Sultaneſs Abra
Mulè. May the Prophet cover yee
with all manner of Proſperities.*

*MY Pen gives you this Auguſt Title, before I have
obtain'd that you ſhould receive it from the
Hands of Love. That Love which I have
conceiv'd for you is equal to your Beauty, and it is
ſufficient to tell yee, that ſince there never was a Beauty
ſo accompliſh'd, my Love ſhall ſolely act to
merit yours; your Coldneſs tells me that you know the
Extent of your Charms, and that they are of a high
Value, when they make a Sultan ſigh; but my ac-
knowledgment ſhall no leſs Eſteem the Sighs which
you ſhall ſpare to*

Mahomet Sultan.

*Would to Heaven, ſaid Abra, that Mahomet
would be as good as his word, and that he would
keep within the Bounds which he preſcribes
himſelf. But, added ſhe, caſting a wiſhful look
upon the Kiſſer, is there no way to be diſpens'd
with from writting to him? That would be the
way, reply'd the Kiſſer to ruin all: Nor dare I
look the Sultan in the Face unleſs I carry him
your Answer. Thereupon Abra ſet Pen to Paper
and wrote the following Billet to Mahomet.*

Abra

Abra Mulè to Sultan Mahomet.

*A*Mong so many Slaves who aspire to nothing more then the favours which your Highness is pleas'd profusely to bestow upon me, why Sir, do you design 'em for a Heart that is not capable to make a suitable Return? I see the Character of a Vertue so magnanimous dazzlingly shining in the Letter wherewith you have honour'd me, that I pity your Love for the Unfortunate Choice it has made. Spare me Sir, the sorrow for being ungrateful, and be contented with the most profound Esteem that Womankind can have for a most Generous Monarch, and suffer to be at quiet the Heart of the Insensible

Abra Mulè.

The Sultan, who valu'd himself for being an Artist in the Curiosities of Courtship, found something in this Billet wherewith to flatter himself, that this same first Reluctancy was onely an artificial Slight to enflame his Passion so much the more. And therefore he undertook to vanquish it by regular Attacks; and his first care was to conceal from the Sultaneſs, the Methods which his Love should oblige him to take.

On the other side Prince *Soliman*, having receiv'd no answer to his Billet, sought all the ways imaginable to see *Abra*. She was accusom'd to walk in a private Garden, which consisted onely of a Bowling green, and a Labyrinth

rinth of Palifado's. *Soliman* therefore had screw'd himself into the Friendship of one of the *Bostangi's* that were wont to work there ; and by him it was, that he was inform'd of her frequent walking there.

The Prince under pretence of a bare Curiosity, made so many Presents and Promises to this old-*Bostangi*, that he consented to furnish him with a Habit of his Companions, and to let him in to the Garden after the Hour of third Prayers, provided he hid himself in a nick or hollow Seat which he fitted for him, in the body of one of the Palifado's of the Labyrinth ; assuring him that that was the part of the Garden which *Abra* most usually frequented.

This contrivance was put in execution to *Soliman's* wish : *Abra* fail'd not to come, and after she had taken a Turn in the Bowling-Green, she enter'd into the center of the Labyrinth, where she sat down, together with her Confident, upon a Bank of Turf, which adjoyn'd to the Receptracle of the Fountain.

She had receiv'd the Evening before a very tender Letter from the Sultan, and fearing least at length he should come to exert his Love like a Tyrant, she chose this time to condole her Misfortunes in *Sarai's* Company, and to impart her Sorrows to her for the ill success of the Visir.

No sooner were they sat down, but *Abra*, continuing the Discourse which they had had before, Be you judge, dear *Sarai*, said she, whether it be possible for a Woman to be expos'd

to greater Misfortunes. 'Tis not enough that Heaven has destin'd me to Love the Visir to that degree that nothing can be more belov'd; that this Love was not inspir'd into me till I was sacrific'd to dismal Slavery; that the Visir, notwithstanding his Valour and Conduct has miscarry'd in all his Enterprizes; that his Misfortunes expose him to the Murmurs of the People, and perhaps to the Sultan's frowns; but that still to the heap of my Misfortunes and my Sorrows for his ill success, I must be yet more afflicted with the troublesome Passion of Prince *Soliman*; and then to the accomplishment of my Afflictions, the Sultan has seen me, and is in Love with me.

What was then Prince *Soliman's* astonishment and grief may readily be conjectur'd. He found his Love disarm'd, the Visir belov'd, and as a surplussage of Afflictions he perceiv'd he had a new and more dangerous Rival, the Sultan himself. While his heart lay drown'd in these deep inundations of Dispair and Grief, *Sarai* pursuing the Discourse, Heaven usually reserves, said she, her greatest Misfortunes for the greatest Souls. But what reason have you to make such loud Complaints? You love, and are belov'd; may not the Visir's Courage recover his Misfortunes; the Sultan loves him, and excuses him already: And what need Prince *Soliman* disturb yee, considering how little you esteem his love, and his want of power to molest yee: As for the Sultan, you know he scorns to make any
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Attempts upon your heart, but by ways of Love. And therefore never abandon your self to the agitations of a Despair, that proceeds rather from Imagination than any real Grounds.

Ah! dear *Sarai*, my Passion is mounted to that degree, that if the *Visir* cannot find a means to release me from this slavery, or that the Sultan's Lust transports him to the least violence, a Dagger shall punish my heart for all the Vexations it has put me to. Alas! Into what seas of Grief will it not plunge the *Visir*? What Jealousies and Fears will overwhelm him, when he understands that *Mahomet* is his Rival, he that was so vehemently jealous of Prince *Soliman*? Nevertheless, said *Sarai*, I never perceiv'd that you had the least spark of love for that Prince. Who I, reply'd *Abra*, I knew the worth of Prince *Soliman*, I could not blame his Passion for me; I admir'd the excess of it, that caus'd him to expose his head, that he might discover it to me; besides that I am so unfortunate to owe my Life to his preservation; all this might prevail something o're a heart that was not prepossess'd. But mine is not my own, nothing can deprive his Rival of it; and seeing then they must hate each other, seeing they know themselves to be Rivals judge thou how hateful that Prince must be to me, and how careful I ought to be to avoid his company.

How extraordinary soever *Soliman*'s trouble might be, this Confession however left him some room to flatter his hopes, and imagining that the Opportunity might be favourable to some new

Effort, he was about to shew himself from the Palisado, when a great noise gave him to understand that the Sultan was approaching. The Sultan took a turn or two, and being inform'd that *Abra* was in the Labyrinth, thither he went: She rose up, but *Mabomet* engag'd her to resear herself upon a Bank of Turfs, so near to *Soliman*, that he might be almost heard to breath. *Mabomet* sat down by her, and they had a long and courtly Conference together, which terminated on the Sultan's part only in amorous Importunities, and in respectful and modest denials on *Abra*'s side. At length the Sultan rose up, gave his hand to the fair *Muscovite*, and having led her to the Garden door, he went off through another with the *Bostangi Basha*, to communicate some Intelligence to him which he had receiv'd.

It may be easily imagin'd in what condition Prince *Soliman* was, and what various Agitations turmoyl'd his heart. How! said he, have I two Rivals at one time? One of which is belov'd, and the other has all the freedom imaginable to declare his Passion, and is able to make himself happy when ever he pleases to make use of his Power, while she is insensible of my flames, and it is my Misfortune that I cannot meet with an Opportunity to make known my noble fires. No——'tis impossible for me to continue under such a sultry Violence, nor to suffer the felicity of two Rivals both at one time.

He was then labouring under the Tumults of his thoughts, and left his station possess'd with

as much fury as Love : but in regard the *Bostangi*, who had plac'd him in his convenience was without, he was oblig'd to stay till the dusk of the Evening began to confound the sight, and render the Objects of it less discernable, and then he made a shift to escape ; but he could not do it so dextrously, but one of the *Bostangi* *Basha's* Eunuchs perceiv'd that a Man had hid himself in the Lybyrinth while the Sulcan was there, of which the Sulcan was inform'd ; and though it could not be discover'd who the Person was who had ventur'd to that degree, yet in regard that Love is always ingenious to afflict it self, it soon came into *Mahomet's* head, that *Abra's* coldness to him must needs be the effect of some mysterious Love ; that his assiduity to get into the Labyrinth was the Effect of that Love, that it must be some unknown Lover that had been so daring, and never suspecting the Prince his Brother, he resolv'd to prevent the Consequences of such an Intreague, and to that purpose order'd the Killer the same day to carry *Abra* over the streight of *Calcedon*, and shut her up in the Serraglio of Looking-glasses.

The Eunuch could not avoy'd the putting this Order in Execution, tho' it griev'd him to the Soul, and broke all the measures he had taken to serve the Visir: for that being oblig'd to remain in the Grand Serraglio near *Mahomet's* Person, the Serraglio of Looking-Glasses was govern'd by the *Kisser Kiafi*, who is a kind of Deputy to the *Kisser Agasi* ; and because not being able to go

thither, but when he was order'd by the Sultan to attend him, *Abra* was now destitute of the Consolation and Advice which he was wont to give her. So that all the good he could do her was only to place such Slaves about her as she desir'd, and Eunuchs for whose fidelity he could be answerable.

In the mean time *Constantinople* was all in an Uproar, by reason of the continual bad Tydings that follow'd one another of the Misfortunes of the Campaign; and *Siaous's* and *Cuprol's* Friends spread abroad Reports so disadvantageous to the Visir's Conduct, that he was become the Object of the Peoples Aversion and Scorn.

But when the Prince understood by *Marama*, that the Sultan had remov'd *Abra*, and put her into the Serraglio of *Calcedon*, and had caus'd her to take upon her the name of Sultaneß, his jealousy made him believe that she had Surrender'd to the Love of this new Rival, and his despair not being able to imagin any other way to enjoy her, but by making himself Master of his Brother's Throne, from that very Moment he took a Resolution to pull down his Brother, and to take the Advantage of the Conjunction to dispose the exasperated minds of the People to Revolt.

His Mysterious applying himself to the study of the Alcoran, had made him take particular care always to insinuate himself into the Friendship of the *Mufts's*, who are the Sovereign Pontiffs of the Law, and to be in a Continual familiarity with the *Imans*, who are the Preach-

ers that hold forth in the *Mosquees*, and with all the *Mahometan* Clergy; by which means he had gain'd their Hearts by the affected shews of a superstitious Devotion, and by the Liberality of his Alms of which he made them the Trustees; so that 'twas no hard thing for him to incense those senseless Ecclesiastics, and put 'em upon rayling publicly against the Authors of all the Disorders in the Empire, under pretence of Preaching Repentance to the People.

From the Abuse of this false Zeal, it was that the first Inclinations to Revolt, slid themselves into Male-contented Breasts. But Mischief was yet a great way off, and therefore before they could fall upon the Person of the Sultan, there was a necessity of ruining the Visir, who was his Zealous Favourite, and who possess'd the hearts of the Principal Officers of the Empire.

The Prince was therefore perswaded that the loss of *Buda*, that the victorious Progresses of the Christians, ev'n to the Bridge of *Esseck*, and that the Murmurs of the People against his Chief Minister, would wean the Sultan's Affection from him. But he was surpriz'd when he saw the Visir arriv'd at *Constantinople*, with a Writting sign'd by all the Principal Officers of the Army, and *Siaous* himself, who was forc'd to swim with the stream, for fear of Discovering his Intentions, and that this Writing was an *Encomium* of the Visir's Conduct, prudence and Courage, and which justify'd him in every particular that could be Objected against him.

The Sultan, who had always had a kindness for him, was overjoy'd that his Souldiers gave his Favourite so advantageous a Testimony : He receiv'd him with open Armes ; and order'd him to hasten more powerful Preparations, that he might the next Campaign repair the Misfortunes which were not to be imputed to any defect in Him.

Prince *Soliman*, who began to buckle the Spurs of his Ambition with the Impetuous desires of his Love, and who by the loss of one of his Rivals, was desirous to hasten the downfall of the other, finding that whatever *Siaour* and *Cuproli* had done during the Campaign prov'd fruitless, labour'd under unimaginable Vexations. *Saious* and *Cuproli* were arriv'd at *Constantinople*, and Prince *Soliman* so order'd it, as to meet 'em both in a place, whither he came to 'em in disguise.

Presently the Prince told 'em, that after what they had done the last Campaign, things were reduc'd to that Extremity, that either they must ruin the Vizir, or expect all three to perish by the Bow-string ; that there was no time to be lost ; that since the Loss of *Buda*, of such Importance to the Empire, wrought no effect upon the Sultan, but that his Minion was still as much in favour as ever, there was but one way to succeed, which was to make themselves absolute Masters of the Army ; that they should cause 'em to revolt in the midst of the Campaign, and oblige 'em to demand the Head of the Grand Vizir, and of all his principle Friends ; Seeing then

then, that the Sultan affraid of himself, would be forc'd to sacrifice him to his own Security; and that then the Seal of the Empire could fall into no other hands, but either *Siacus's* or *Cupreli's*.

The two Basha's acknowledg'd that the Prince spoke nothing but what was reason, however they did not yet penetrate into all his Designs; and *Soliman*, like a crafty Politician, was desirous to render 'em still more Guilty before he imparted to 'em the last Crime they were to commit. All this while they follow'd the Interests of their own Ambition, and as the first steps they had made engag'd them to push forward the ruin of the Visir, or else patiently to submit to their own destruction, they promis'd *Soliman* to go on with the project, of which he had given the draught.

The favourable reception which the Sultan gave the Visir, and the augmentation of his Power and his Credit did not abate his deadly Afflictions, to find that his Master was his formidable Rival, in whose power it was to make him happy. Nor was the Killer any longer able to give him the Opportunities of seeing his beloved Mistress. All that he could do, was cunningly to convey his Billers to her by *Saria's* means, and the fidelity of the Eunuchs which he had plac'd about her. So that the Visir having no other consolation left, desir'd his friend to get the following Letter deliver'd to her.

The Unfortunate to his dear Unfortunate.

B*T* what Cruelty of Fate, my Dear Abra, must I be the most unhappy of your Lovers, when I am the most be lov'd! You refuse the Sultan's Vows, but he has the pleasure of seeing you when he pleases; and if he be not the most happy, yet he may be so when ever he has a mind to it. Prince Soliman may comfort himself for your indifferency, with the pleasure that he had to save your life; only the unfortunate Visir, as much below'd as he is, can neither see you, nor pay you any service. The Sultana continues his favours to me. Alas! Let him take 'em from me, and restore me the Blessing of which he has depriv'd me; all his Empire is not worth a sigh from your Lips. If you love me still, you will judge of my Sorrows by your own Grief; they are deadly, if Heaven does not furnish me with some Expedient to break your Chains.

The Kisser caus'd this Letter to be faithfully deliver'd: In the mean time the Sultan, maugre all the Vigilancy of the jealous Sultaneſs, found out pretences to go to Calcedon. For the murmurs of the People, and the insolent Harangues of the Imans, afforded him anow; and therefore feigning not to be safe in Constantinople, he frequently crost the Streight, and to give the more colour to his Pretences, he many times held the Divan in the Serraglio of Looking-Glasses, and then

then he order'd the Visir to attend him.

One Evening that he went thither with his chief Ministers, and that they two were just entering into his Cabinet to prepare what was fit to be propounded the next day to the *Divan*, they were amaz'd to hear the loud Cries and Skreekes of Women quite through the Galleries, at what time they were inform'd that a suddain Fire was broken forth in the Body of the Building, and that the Flames besieg'd the principal appartement on every side, which was the appartement where the Sultan had plac'd his fair *Muscovite*; so that hastning thither, together with the Visir and their Train, they found the Conflagration so violent, that neither Slaves nor Eunuchs durst venture thorough to succour the Women who were in extream Danger.

The Sultan's Voice and his Orders encourag'd 'em, but the Visir understanding which was *Abra's* Appartement, was the first that flew to her Aid; and having sought and found her alone in a Swoon in her Chamber, he took her in his Arms, and seeing that the violence of the Flames had seiz'd that part at which he enter'd, he made his way through Clouds of Smoak, and through another Gallery which led to an Appartement a good way from the Fire.

The Sultan, who neither saw the Visir return, nor knew what was become of *Abra*, thought her lost, and display'd his Sorrow at a more then usual Rate; some Women that were sav'd could tell no tydings of her; neither could *Sarai* her
self

self make any Discovery, who was not with her Mistress when the Fire broke out.

In the mean time, *Abra* being carry'd to the furthest end of that Appartment, which the Tumult had quite Empty'd, recover'd her Spirits, and found her self in the Visir's Arms. However she was still in an Amazement, nor could she apprehend the meaning of such a surprizing Adventure. But the Visir, who was not willing to lose so precious an Opportunity, threw himself at her Feet, and Embracing her with no less Ardour then Respect; Ah, Madam, said he, you behold once more your Unfortunate Lover; Heaven could not remove the Obstacles that render'd you invisible, but by exposing your life to the most dreadful of all Dangers; nothing but a miraculous accident could afford me this opportunity of seeing you. Lucky Danger! Favourable Meeting! But may I know, Madam, whether your heart be as constant as mine: I was afraid of a Rival who had no power; but Fate has found me out another who can do whatever he pleases; have I no cause to fear neither his Love, nor his Power?

His Empire, answer'd *Abra*, may be absolute over every thing else, but o're my heart. But as for my heart, I preserve it for your self till Death, and I will lose a thousand Lives, before I prove unfaithful to you. But, Sir, will you suffer me to perish in his Fetters; are they so invincible that you cannot release me?

Ah,

Ah, Madam, reply'd the Visir, there is not any Reason, or danger that can hinder me from doing it, if it be your desire, and this is the most favourable opportunity in the world if you can resolve to make use of it. The whole *Serraglio* is in an uproar, the Sultan will believe yee lost in the Flames, stay but a minute here, and Ile go fetch one of my white Eunuch's Habits, and set yee out of the *Serraglio*, through the door of one of the Gardens, of which I have the Key; for the rest never trouble your self, Love, Prudence and Opportunities will direct us.

How odd and dangerous soever this proposal appear'd, such was the cruel Condition that *Abra* was in, that without any more ado she accepted the offer. The Visir was soon furnish'd with the Habit he desir'd, and having disguiz'd her, he let her out at the Garden Door, and deliver'd her into the charge of one of his most faithful Eunuchs, who not knowing who she was, but taking her for some new Eunuch that had been presented to his Master, put her into a little Fisher Boat with a design to land her in *Constantinople*.

The Visir, having thus entrusted his Treasure to the Fidelity of that Slave, went to attend the Sultan, a thousand accidents presenting themselves for pretences to excuse his Absence. *Mahomet* was at his wits end; though the Fire was quite Extinguish'd, by leaving the Flames to feed upon the grand Appartment, while they stopt it from going any farther, by pulling down some build-

building between that and the rest of the *Serraglio*; but search was made for the *Muscovite* in every corner, so that at length the Sultan gave her over for lost; and that which confirm'd him the more in that Opinion was, that after the Fire was put out, they found the remainders of five or six Bodies.

In the mean time, *Abra's* Vessel row'd directly to *Constantinople* by the bright Rays of the Moon, and she flatter'd her self that she should now soon enjoy the only Person whom she Lov'd above all the World; but there is nothing more to be wonder'd at then the Fantastick changes of Fortune.

The News of the Fire in the *Serraglio* of Looking-Glasses was brought to the chief Sultaneſs about Midnight; therefore because she kept the chiefest part of her Treasure there, and for that she knew besides that the Sultan was gone thither, these two disturbing reasons oblidg'd her to send for the *Kisler*, and take her *Saick* immediately, with orders to cross the Water to *Calcedon*. But no sooner had she put to Sea, but by the dawning light of day, they discover'd a little Fisher Boat making for the *European* shore; upon which the Sultaneſs who was willing to hear News, constrain'd the Visir's slave to come aboard her Vessel. Presently she ask'd him several Questions, and finding him tripping in his Answers, she sent for the White Eunuch, with whom he said he was entrusted.

No sooner was he come into the Cabin in
Dis-

Disguise, but the *Kisler*, who accompany'd the Sultaneſs knew *Abra* notwithstanding her diſguife; and the *Aſſeki*, charm'd with the Beauty of the Eunuch, declar'd that ſhe would keep him to attend upon her. But the *Kisler* being a man of a cunning, ſharp and preſent Wit, and quickly conceiving that *Abra* had made her eſcape by ſome contrivance of the *Viſirs*, he knew that if the Sultaneſs ſhould carry her back to *Calcedon*, 'twould be the ruin of both the two Lovers, and therefore never hesitating what courſe to take, he put all the People out of the Cabin, excepting the White Eunuch, and that done, the *Kisler* taking *Abra* by the hand, and ſqueezing it in his own to prevent ſurprize, he look'd upon the Sultaneſs, and putting the Queſtion to her as it were in jeſt, may a man rely upon yee, Madam, ſhould he truſt ye with a ſecret which you would be glad to know? I had thought, reply'd the Sultaneſs you had known me better then to doubt it. Upon your word then, Madam, I muſt put ſo much confidence in you, as to let you underſtand that this fair Eunuch is the lovely *Muſcovite* with whom the Sultran is ſo deſperately in love, but who no leſs obſtinately reſuſes to correſpond with his Amour. I find ſhe has taken her opportunity in the confuſion caus'd by the Fire to get away. Would you, Madam, carry her back to *Mabomet* whom ſhe avoids, and who without queſtion hunts after her in a thouſand diſquiets of mind? My duty indeed requires that I ſhould ſeize her, and deliver her
back

back into his hands; but I am too much your friend to take that course. 'Tis for you, Madam, to do as you think fitting; and if you will take the Advice of a Slave, that is solely devoted to your interests, I would not have yee let go this happy opportunity that Heaven has put into your hands; you may at once deliver your self from the fears of so amiable a Rivaless, and at the same time release her from all her Pains. Bury this important secret in a profound silence, and content your self with allowing her a safe sanctuary from the Sultan's Passion, which at length perhaps may cool and return to its first object.

The *Affeki*, confirm'd by *Abra's* confession, who instead of revealing to her the secret of the Visir, gave her to understand, that she had of her own head made her escape from the Sultan, embrac'd her, and promis'd her all manner of favour and security, and by concert with the *Kisler*, sent her to *Constantinople*, to a place where she was absolute Mistress, and where she kept her conceal'd under an unknown Name. However she pursu'd her first intentions, went to *Calcedon*, and return'd with the Sultan, who was more perplex'd for the loss of *Abra*, then for all his other misfortunes. On the other side, the *Kisler* inform'd the Visir of what had befallen the *Muscovite*, which peirc'd him to the Soul, finding that he had lost her again, tho' he thought himself a competent gainer in having releas'd her from slavery to the Sultan.

During

During these amorous motions, the preparations for the Campaign were carry'd on might and main, and the Visir left nothing omitted that lay in his Power to put himself into such a condition that he might repair his losses ; while *Siaous* and *Cuprolis* prepar'd the minds of the Soldiers every where for mutiny, instilling it into their heads, neither to have any confidence in the Grand Visir, which is the Soul of obedience, nor any esteem for him, which preserves respect.

The Visir stay'd but a while at *Constantinople*, for the Sultan oblig'd him to hasten away for *Belgrade*; and this it was that occasion'd the report, as if he never had been there. His first care was to repair the Bridge of *Esseck*, notwithstanding those difficulties which appear'd unsurmountable ; and soon after he put himself at the head of his Army.

On the other side Prince *Charles*, and the Duke of *Barvaria*, having rendezvouz'd together above Sixty Thousand Men, advanc'd at the head of 'em, and resolv'd to decide the Fate of the Campaign by a pitch'd Battle, and to that purpose cross'd the *Drave*. But the Vizir, who had been more speedy in his march than they expected, came and Encamp'd with Four-score Thousand men in view of the Christian Army ; and in regard he understood perfectly well how to make choice of his Ground, he had got the *Drave* upon the right, a Forrest upon his left, *Esseck* in his rear, and an intrenchment in front,
for-

fortify'd with a double Moat forty foot wide, and a double Rank of Palifado's: So that he forc'd Prince *Charles*, after some Rude Encounters, to retreat for want of Provision. But he made his Retreat in so good Order, that he repass'd the *Drave* in view of the Enemy without the least disturbance, and Encampt within a league of *Mohatz*.

The Visir, flatter'd with this first Advantage, and desirous to make the best of it, past the *Drave*, and being posted between *Esseck* and *Darda*, sent out numerous detachments to harass the Christian Army. As for his own Camp, he had entrench'd it with a Palifado'd moat which secur'd his Front, he had *Esseck* in his rear, from whence he was plentifully supply'd with Provisions, the *Danaw*, and Impassable *Morasses* secur'd his Right Wing, and his Left was cover'd with a Wood, by the side of which lay a long Morass; so that it was a difficult thing for Prince *Charles* to venture the forcing his Camp without hazarding the loss of his whole Army.

Therefore he made use of all manner of Stratagems and motions, to try whether he could draw the Visir from his Post, and bring him to a General Battel. But he, who found himself better supply'd with Provisions than the Imperialists, fought to ruin 'em by frequent Skirmishes, and therefore keeping close in his Camp, sent out Parties continually to disturb the Enemies Forragers, or to attack 'em in their Movements.

But

But all this while he was ignorant of what *Siaous* was plotting in his Camp, in Conjunction with *Basha Yeghen*, a Man Daring, of a Turbulent and Seditious Spirit and the Visir's particular Enemy, insolent in his language, but Eloquent, gifted in persuasion, and who by his familiar deportment had gain'd great Credit with the Souldiery. Their Design was to force the Visir to a Battel, and so to order their Affairs that he might lose it, that it might serve for a pretence for the Souldiers to revolt.

All things being thus concluded, upon the 12th. of August Prince *Charles*, feigning a Retreat pass'd a narrow Lane full of Hedges that cover'd his March, and gave order's for his Army to embattel in the Plain of *Sicles*. The Visir having Intelligence of this General motion of the Christian Army, sent away some considerable Bodies to follow 'em, and fall upon their Rear commanded by the Elector of *Bavaria*. The *Basha* of *Arabia* also was order'd with one part of the Army to second the Detachments. But *Siaous* who judg'd the Opportunity proper for his design, presently put the Souldiers into such a fit of Murmuring, as if their General had depriv'd 'em of a certain Victory, that the Visir finding that the *Basha* acting beyond his Orders, march'd on with the Detachments, and not being able to restrain the Heat of the Souldiers, drew his whole Army out of their Entrenchments, and advanc'd directly toward the Imperialists in Battel array.

The Vanguard of the *Turks* overtook the Rear of the Christians, before they had pass'd the narrow Lane ; so that the whole stress of the first Charge fell upon the Elector of *Barvaria*. However, having gain'd the rising Ground design'd him for his Post, in despite of all the Enemies Efforts, he stood firm, and Prince *Charles* reinforc'd him with the second Line of the Vanguard, to prevent the Enemies Charging him either in Flank or Rear.

The *Turks* charg'd him with great fury, and he withstood 'em with no less prudence then undaunted Bravery, and venturing in the hottest of the Enemies firing, he was wounded in the left hand with a Musket Bullet.

In the mean time Prince *Charles*, who was advanc'd a great way farther, thought it convenient to draw the Enemy into the Plain, where they might have more Roome for Action, and succour one another with more Freedom. This caus'd the Elector to quit his Ground, tho' Skirmishing all the while, so that his Rear-guard made the Left Wing equal with the Right, which Prince *Charles* Commanded.

Presently the whole Army of the *Turks* appear'd in Battell array, and the Princes who had now what they wish'd for charg'd 'em on all sides : The Insidels also fell on with great Fury, and at first had some considerable Advantage, having routed the *Croates*, and almost cut in pieces *Comey's* Regiment ; and the success of the Battel had been very dubious, had not the *Spahi's*
by

by the contrivance and treachery of *Siaous*, *Tegben*, and the Basha of *Arabia*, left the *Fanisaries* that fought against the Duke of *Bavaria*, who taking his advantage of that disorder, fell upon the Infantry opposite to him with an extraordinary fury. However, the *Fanisaries* instead of being brok'n, retir'd in good order as far as their Entrenchments, where at first they fell a firing at a prodigious rate, but not being seconded by the Horse, they betook themselves to flight, and this Rout of the *Turks* Right Wing striking a Terrour into the Left, the Disorder became General, the whole Army was defeated, and the Camp taken and pilladg'd; at what time the Vizir retreating to *Esseck*, and having rally'd his scatter'd Troops, found he had lost above Twenty thousand Men.

Siaous would not let this Opportunity slip, which he had taken so much pains to bring about; so that the Mutiny began with the Quarrels between the *Spabi's* and the *Fanisaries*; but they being soon reunited, vented all their fury in Murmurs against the Vizir; who not understanding whence the mischief proceeded, thought to have appeas'd 'em, by distributing among 'em all the Money he had. But the poison was too well prepar'd, and had spread it self too far; so that the minds of the Souldiers being more and more envenom'd, their Clamours augmented, while the *Imperialists* prosecuting their Victory, made themselves Masters of *Esseck*, and the Passage of *Drave*. Nor was *Siaous* contented with

stirring up the Souldiers to murmur, but incensing them to an open Revolt, put himself at the Head of 'em, and *Regben* had the boldness to enter the Visir's Tent, and demand in the Name of the Army the Seals of the Empire, and *Mahomet's* Standard, declaring, they were resolv'd no longer to obey him.

This Insolence producing a great Uproar, the Visir made his escape, got by water to *Belgrade*, and thence posted to *Constantinople*, to give the Sultan an Account of the Campaign, *Siaous's* Treacheries, and the Condition of the Army.

The Visir having thus withdrawn himself, *Siaous* became Master of the Army, and deputed six Officers to demand, in the Name of the Souldiers, the Heads of the Vizir, and of all his principal Friends, of which they drew up a List. The Vizir being inform'd of these furious Proceedings, sent the Seals of the Empire to the Grand Tefterdar, for him to deliver 'em into the Sultan's hands, and with only one slave stole privately into *Constantinople*, and went to the *Kiamakan's* House, where the Kisser came to him, and assur'd him, in the Sultan's Name, that neither his Misfortunes, nor the Mutinies of the Souldiers, had shaken his Favour; that he lov'd him; that he pittied him, and that he was not only resolv'd to see him, but to defend him against the fury of the Revolters.

However, notwithstanding all the weight of these Misfortunes with which the Vizer seem'd to be

be overwhelm'd, he had still his thoughts fix'd upon the fair *Muscovite*.

We gave an Account, how some few days before the departurte of the Vizir for *Belgrade*, she fell into the Hands of the Sultaneſs *Aſſicki*; but the Vizir was ſo far from being able to get to her in the place, where ſhe was kept conceal'd, and under another Name, that he could hardly procure the delivery of a Letter to her; nor had he receiv'd any from her, though the Kiſler had had credit enough to keep *Sarai* about her ſtill.

However he underſtood by an Eunuch, that the Sultan knew very well that ſhe was not burnt in the fire, and that he had private Intelligence that ſhe had made her eſcape out of the Serraglio of Looking-Glaſſes; nevertheleſs that he knew not who had contributed to her eſcape, and that all the Diligence he had us'd to find out the Place of her Retirement had prov'd fruitleſs. That Prince *Soliman* had been better inform'd; for that *Marama* who held her Correſpondencies every where, had div'd into the Secret out of a Conceit ſhe had that her eſcape was a ſtroke of the Sultaneſs's jealouſy, and that upon that diſcovery ſhe was negotiating with the Sultaneſs *Aſſicki*; with whom ſhe had intruſted the ſecret of Prince *Soliman's* Love, and had put it into her head that the only way to deprive *Mahomet* of her was to deliver her up to his Brother.

This drove the Viſir to his Wits end, to ſee the utter Ruin of his Fortune and his Love both

at one time: However the *Kisler* carry'd him privately to the Sultan, who receiv'd him tenderly, and assur'd him not only of the continuance of his favour, but of his Protection against the Fury of his Enemies.

In the mean time the Commanders from the Army arriv'd, and *Mutasferaka*, the chief of 'em, an intimate friend of *Siaous's*, after he had privately conferr'd with *Soliman* hautilly demanded an Audience, which the Sultan would fain have refus'd him.

He declar'd, that the Souldiers, having found that the Visir *Soliman* was not able to command 'em, would no longer obey him, that they demanded his Head, and the Heads of the *Kay-makan Redgeb*, the Grand Testarder, the *Kisler Agasi*, with the heads of several Others, of which he deliver'd a List in writing: That while they receiv'd his Highnesses Orders they had made choice of *Siaous* for their Captain, a person of accomplish'd Experience, and Zeal for the good of the Empire; that they hop'd the Sultan would approve their Choice, and would send him the Ensigns of an Employment which he merited by his Services and his Fidelity.

But this Insolence of the Army which went about to give Laws to their Sovereign, shook not *Mabomet's* Resolutions as yet, for he thought by distributing Money among the Souldiers to appease their fury; and they who either shar'd in his growing Troubles, or fear'd the Consequences of the mutiny, readily contributed to
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the raising a considerable Summ. The Sultaness *Affeki* gave two Thousand Purfes, of five hundred Crowns each; the *Kisler Agafi* furnish'd almost as much, and others proportionably: But the minds of the Souldiers were too much exasperated; they took the Money indeed, but it was all thrown away to no purpose.

The Mutiny therefore growing more outrageous, and *Siaous* and *Yeghen* being Masters of the Army, and in *Constantinople*, where *Soliman* caus'd the Directors of the *Mosques* to act their Parts, and the Sultan remaining Obstinate, and resolving rather to lose all, then deliver up the Visir to the Mercy of his Enemies, bethought himself of taking another Course; which was to degrade the Visir and the *Caimacan*, and to conferr the Employment of the first upon *Siaous*, and upon *Cuproli* his Brother in Law the place which the latter held; imagining that the Ambition of the Ringleaders being satisfy'd, the tumults would cease.

With these hopes, he sent for *Cuproli* from the *Dardanells*, and made him *Caimacan*, instead of *Redgeb*, and dispatch'd away the Seal of the Empire and *Mahomeni's* Standar'd to *Siaous*; but he declar'd he would never consent to the death of Officers whom he esteem'd both Loyal and faithful.

So soon as *Cuproli* saw himself advanc'd to the second place in the Empire, he had a private Conference with *Soliman*, and then it was that the Prince discover'd to him his design to make

himself Master of the Empire, which till then he had always kept conceal'd in his Breast. Now in regard it was the Interest of this New *Caimacan* and *Siaous*, who found the power in their hands to attempt what they pleas'd, to correspond with the ambitious Designs of Prince *Soliman*, he found *Cuproli* inclin'd to second his desires, and undertook for *Siaous*, that he should concur with 'em in the Accomplishment of their wishes.

Things being in this Confusion, and *Mabomet* still resolv'd not to abandon the Visir to the Rage of the murinous Souldiers, had caus'd him to resolve upon a safe Course, which was to withdraw himself from the impetuosity of their Hatred, by retiring to the Frontiers of *Persia*, and there to stay till Affairs might recover a new face, and furnish him with a favourable Opportunity to regain his Reputation.

This was concluded between 'em, and ready to have been put in Execution: But the Visir, who in the midst of his Misfortunes could not forget his Dearest *Abra*, desir'd the *Kisler* that he would engage himself to procure the delivery of but one more short Letter to her, and afford that last comfort to a Friend whom perhaps he might never see again.

The *Kisler* mov'd with compassion of his Friends overwhelming Misfortunes, would not refuse him that last favour; so that being entrusted with the Letter, he gave it into the hands of an Eunuch, who was wont to carry others
of

of the same nature to *Sarai*. But a most cruel Destiny, and unexpected accident hinder'd it from falling into the hands of that beloved Confident. For the Eunuch gave the Letter to another slave, who seeing *Sarai* in the arms of Death, and believing there was some secret in the Gold Box, wherein the Letter was enclos'd, her curiosity made her open it, and understanding by the reading of it, that the unknown person whom she serv'd was that *Abra*, for whose loss the Sultan was so extreamly troubled, she thought the discovery of such a secret would raise her Fortune, and therefore being introduc'd into *Mabomet*'s presence, she deliver'd the Box into his Hands; at what time the Sultan having open'd it, read the following words.

Soliman Visir to the Faithful Abra.

H *Heaven has overwhelm'd me with misfortunes ; it only rais'd me to the highest Pinnacle of Honour to precipitate me thence. But, my dear Abra, all my Afflictions would signifie little to me in comparison of the loss of your heart. If you continue faithful to the most unfortunate of Men, or if you withstand the Sultan's Power, from whose Embraces I have so luckily wrested yee, and to the troublesome Passion of that other Rival, who as is reported, is labouring to purchase yee from the Sultanes, I shall look upon it as the Consolation of all my Misfortunes. I am going a long journey, and I carry along with me, the dear*
Picture

Picture which you gave me. 'I kiss it a thousand times a day; and speak to it what I cannot speak to your self. Love me, pity me, and be assur'd, that the last sigh of faithful Soliman will be for faithful Abra.

Never was surprize to be compar'd with that of the Sultan's; and never did so violent a Fury seize the heart of a Lover enrag'd, and a Master betray'd. He made a considerable present to the slave, and being exactly inform'd of every thing, and understanding that the Letter pass'd through the *Kisler's* hand, he bid her be silent, and so dismiss her.

No sooner was he alone by himself, but with a fuming Indignation sparkling in his Eyes, and looking a second time upon the Letter, the Traytors shall dye, cry'd he, with a sigh of high displeasure. How! a Favourite, upon whom I have heap'd my Favours, is it he that rends from my Bosom the Person whom I adore! An infamous Eunuch, who my Bounty has rais'd from the Chains of Thralldom to excessive Power and Wealth betrays me in my own *Serraglio*, and in concert together both the one and the other make me their sport, while I hazard the loss of my Diadem to protect 'em from the fury of their Enemies. 'Tis too hard on my side, but they shall perish both.

Afterwards he rack'd his Brains, to penetrate who might be his other Rival. He knew the Sultaness could easily resolve him, but he was loath to mention the matter to her. But at length
after

after the first commotions of his Fury were over, he gave Orders to seize the Visir, the *Kisler Agasi*, and all the rest whom the Soldiers demanded, as Victims to the tranquility of the Empire.

He order'd *Abra's* Picture to be brought him, which was found about the Visir in a little Case, and which he wore upon his heart; the sight of the Picture redoubled his inward Vexations, and the fire of his Anger or'd ruling his Friendship which he thought abus'd by the foulest of all acts, Ingratitude, he resolv'd the Visirs Ruin. Nevertheless he was willing that the victim which he offer'd to his Love, should be lookt upon as an oblation sacrific'd to the publick good. To which purpose calling a *Divan*, wherein the new *Caimacan Cuproli* presided, he decreed the Death of the Visir, the *Kisler Agasi*, and of all the rest whose Heads the Soldiers demanded, who under *Teghen*,¹ follow'd by *Siacus*, were marching with all speed toward *Constantinople*.

This decree was put in Execution the same day upon the Visir; and the Sultan would needs have him tortur'd, to make him discover who was that other Lover mention'd in his Letter; but his generosity would not permit him to make any Confession: So that after he had suffer'd the Rack, he was strangl'd in the *Serraglio*, and his Head sent to the Souldiers; and to give 'em entire satisfaction he order'd the *Kisler Agasi*, the *Caimacan Redgeb*, the Grand *Tefciardar*, and all the other unfortunate Objects of their Fury to be

be deliver'd up in Chains to their Fury, who no sooner appear'd before the Army, but they were cut in pieces with a more then barbarous Inhumanity.

The Army had already past through *Adrianople*, and were still advancing, while the Sultan who thought he had fully satisfy'd 'em by this Bloody Sacrifice, was desirous that his Love should in some measure reap the Fruite of what he had done; to which purpose the New *Agasi* took away *Abra* from the Sultaness, and shut her up again in the Serraglio of *Calcedon*, whither he went to Visit her, shew'd her her Picture, together with the Visir's last Letter, and upbraided her with all the severest Reproaches that she could expect from an enraged Sultan, and a furious Lover.

During this cruel *Catastrophe*, Prince *Soliman* saw his ambitious Aims advancing toward their Accomplishment. The Visir, and all his principle Friends, most Loyal to the Sultan, were now cut off. *Siaous* and *Cuproli* possess'd the two chiefest employments in the Empire, the Old *Musti* was chang'd, and a new one put in by *Cuproli*, and the *Imans* still heated the People, and supply'd 'em with fuel to feed the Flames of premeditated Revolt; but all this while he mis'd the satisfaction of his Love, in regard the Sultan having broken all his private Measures with the Sultaness, had got *Abra* into his own Possession; so that he saw no other way to wrest her from his Embraces, but by ascending his Throne, and making himself Lord of his Serraglio.

Every

Every day brought some new Persons over to his Party, and *Cuprolis*, who by vertue of his employment presided in the *Divan*, in the Visir's Absence had gain'd by his Artifices the new *Kisler Agasi*, whose Assistance was very necessary in case there should be any Tumult in the *Serraglio*.

The Prince therefore finding *Abra* forc'd away by the Sultan into a new Captivity, was afraid least he should make use of violence to procure the Satisfaction of his Love; and this it was which engag'd him to precipitate the Execution of his Design, for which he had all along taken his Measures with *Cuprolis*, who was well convinc'd that *Siaous* and he enjoy'd their Employments only by vertue of that Force which had wrested the Grant of 'em from the Sultan, and that they could not preserve 'em but by placing *Soliman* upon the Throne.

By this time the Army that still march'd forward under *Tegben*, was not above two days March from *Constantinople*, and *Siaous* follow'd with the Main Body, and the better to conceal his Design, saign'd a Quarrel with him, but their common Aim was the Deposal of a Master whom they had offended, and who could never have a real Affection for 'em. As for *Cuprolis*, he had made all the Provision that could be for the execution of the Enterprize, as well in the *Serraglios* and his preparations of the *Mufti*.

Soliman therefore, for the sake of his Amour, desirous to hasten the Business, went to *Cuprolis*, lay'd open to him the bottom of his Heart, and
his

his Passion for *Abra*, and gave him moreover to understand, that in placing him upon the Throne they fulfill'd the Importunities of his ambition, but did nothing for the Repose of his Mind, which depended upon the Enjoyment of *Abra*, and preventing *Mahomet's* Passion from offering Violence to her.

She was in the Serraglio of Looking-Glasses deeply plung'd in sorrow and Affliction, nor could she reflect upon the unhappy Fate of her dear Visir, strangl'd by the order of his Rival, in whose power she was, without abandoning her self to all that Rage and Despair could inspire of most Disfmal and Mournful. She had seen her Picture in the Sultan's Hands, which he had not shew'd her, had it not been to triumph the more barbarously over the Ruin of his Rival. By that, and by the Visir's letter, she knew that the Discovery of his Love was the only cause of his death and her Grief being so much the more bitter, by reason that death had depriv'd her of her dear Confident, nothing but only the Resolution she had taken to revenge herself upon *Mahomet*, had put a stop to the dire Effects of her own Despair.

In the mean time, the new *Kisler Agasi* having Engag'd himself in *Soliman's* interests, and being inform'd of his Amours, offer'd himself to speak to the *Muscovite* in his behalf, and after he had discours'd her in private, he found her highly incens'd against *Mahomet*; and therefore to excite her the more willingly to correspond with *Soliman's*

limons Passion, he thought it proper to impart to her the inclinations of the great Officers of the Empire, to set *Soliman* upon the Throne.

Upon this Discovery, *Abra* who breath'd nothing but Revenge, put the *Kisler* in some hopes, that so soon as Prince *Soliman* had satisfy'd her Revenge upon the Sultan's barbarous Cruelty, she would be more enclin'd to favour his Passion.

The *Kisler* gave Prince *Soliman* an account of this seeming Compliance; and that was enough to make him seek all ways to hasten that Revolution, which he thought the only means to arrive at *Abra's* Heart. In the mean time he deem'd it necessary to assure her, by a Billet under his hand, that there was nothing which he would not willingly undertake, or endeavour to bring to pass, so he might deserve her Love.

Now in regard that *Mahomet* had plac'd a very faithful Slave to attend upon *Abra*, that she might have a watchful Eye upon all her Actions, this Billet fell unhappily into the Sultan's Hands, who by that means found out who was that same formidable Rival whom the Visir never would confess; so that he no sooner had read it, but without any deliberation he determin'd a speedy Revenge.

'Twas Night, and therefore only attended with two of his Guards, he took his Arms, and flew to *Soliman's* Appartement with a furious Precipitancy, in hopes to sacrifice him with his own hand to the attonement of his Rage.

Nor

Nor is there any question but he had succeeded in his Project, had not *Cuprilo* and the *Kisler Agasi*, by taking true measures to prevent whatever might disappoint their designs, and by giving forth all necessary Orders to secure the life of him they lookt upon already as their Sovereign, frustrated the Effects of his Fury.

The Eunuchs who guarded *Soliman*, defended the first door of his Apartment, but *Mahomet* himself who fell upon 'em with more then ordinary fury, after he had kill'd one and wounded two more, had forc'd the first door, and without doubt had beat down the second, had not the *Kisler Agasi* halten'd to the noise, with a Company of armed Eunuchs, who fell upon *Mahomet's* Guards, and constrain'd 'em to stand upon their own defence.

The Sultan enrag'd to see the *Agasi* in Arms against his Person, lay'd about him with his Scimiter upon the Eunuchs, well seconded by his Guards, so that the Combat was beginning to be somewhat bloody, at what time the *Bostangi Bachis* arriv'd with a good number of armed *Bostangi's*. *Mahomet* thinking he had been come to his assistance, order'd him to seize the Killer, and to put all the Eunuchs to the Sword; but the *Bostangi*, who was one of *Soliman's* Creatures, looking fiercely upon the Sultan, *We no longer Acknowledge your Commands*, said he, *Your Life depends upon that Brother, who you are going basely to Assassinate*. The Sultan was so surpriz'd at these insolent Words, that he stood like a Statue, while

while his Guards betaking themselves to flight, left him in the Power of the *Bostangi*, who caus'd his Attendants to surround him, and after he had seiz'd and disarm'd him, carry'd him to his Appartment, where he was lockt up under a strong Guard.

In the mean time the *Kisler* carry'd the Princes into the old Serraglio, and *Cuprolì* having assembl'd the *Mufti*, together with the Principal Officers in *Mosquee* of *Sra Sophia* before day, there the *Mahometan Pontiff* sign'd the *Fetfa* for the Depofal of *Mahomet*.

This first Ceremony being over, *Cuprolì* repair'd to the old Serraglio, caus'd *Soliman* to be plac'd upon a kind of a Throne, and having proclaim'd him Sultan, was the first himself that pay'd him Homage. After this, they re-ferr'd it to his pleasure to dispose of *Mahomet's* Destiny, who thought it sufficient to shut him up during the Remainder of his days.

His Ambition being thus satisfy'd, the only thing he apply'd his Mind to next, was to gratifie his Love. To which purpose he command-ed the *Kisler Agafi* to repair with all speed to *Calcedon*, and bring away the Sultane's *Abra*,; whom he declar'd his *Affeki*, and to deliver her a Letter which he wrote to her in the following Termes.

K

Sul'an

Sultan Soliman to the Sultaneſs Affeki, Abra-Mulè.

YOU are reveng'd, fair Abra, Mahomet is puniſh'd, and I am upon the Throne ; the Only reaſon I attempted to aſcend it, was only to make you the Miſtreſs of my Empire, as you are of my heart. Come then and ſatisfy the Impatience of my Love, and enjoy all the Grandeurs you deſerve. Your Word is a ſufficient Pledge for the Pleaſures I expect from you, and for that which you ought to take, in being the Only Sultaneſs of

Sultan Soliman..

Abra joyfully receiv'd the news which the Kiſſer brought her, that ſhe was reveng'd upon *Mahomet* ; but in regard ſhe was not ignorant that the Viſir's Miſfortunſs had been the Effect of a Conſpiracy between *Siaous*, *Cuproli*, and *Soliman*, and conſequently that the Prince was the real Author of his death, ſhe abhor'd him with the utmoſt Hatred that an Injur'd heart could be capable of.

There

Therefore she listen'd very heedfully to the *Kisler*, read *Soliman's* Letter, and then fixing her Eyes upon the Eunuch, Never, said she, did Woman Love a man with that Fervency and Fidelity as I lov'd the Visir; for his sake I disdain'd and contemn'd all the Advantages wherewith *Mahomet* could flatter my Ambition; nor have I less despis'd Prince *Soliman's* vehement Passion. *Mahomet* put to death my Lover and I am reveng'd, but the Disaster that befell that Lover was the Workman ship of Sultan *Soliman's* artifices, and I have not a Heart so base and treacherous to seek my Revenge upon his person, by foul and ignominious means, with which a counterfeit Affection might furnish me; so that not being able to punish him any other way, then by wresting my self from the Embraces of his Passion, you shall tell him how I corresponded with his Love. And having pronounc'd these last words, she drew forth a dagger which she held conceal'd under her upper Garment, and stabbing herself through the heart fell dead at the *Kisler's* feet.

Such was the dismal Catastrophe of *Alra-Mulè's* Amours; so fatal to the Ottoman Empire, and to three Unfortunate Lovers. The Visir, whom she lov'd, was strangl'd; *Mahomet* lost his Empire, and *Soliman* fell into such a terrible fit of Melancholly and dozing Vexation, that he only

only languish'd upon the Throne in a profound and continual Pensiveness, the cause of which few persons knew; and at length, falling into a kind of insensibility of every Thing, except of inward Grief, that never left him, brought him to his end.



The END.

